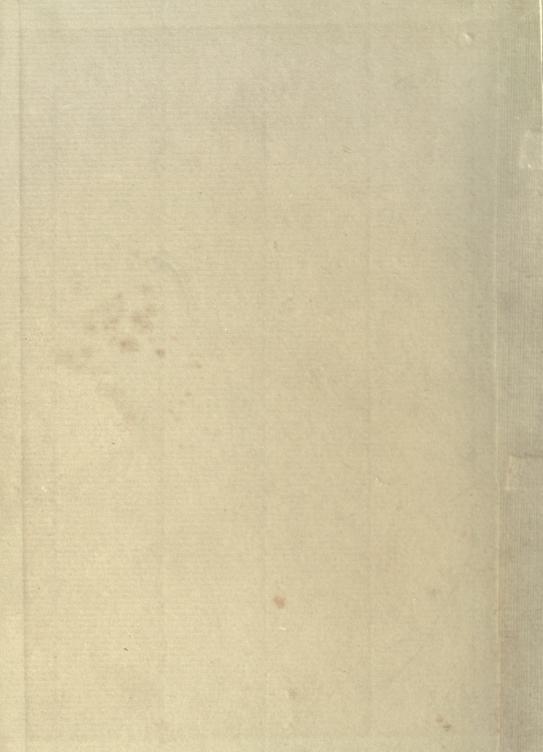
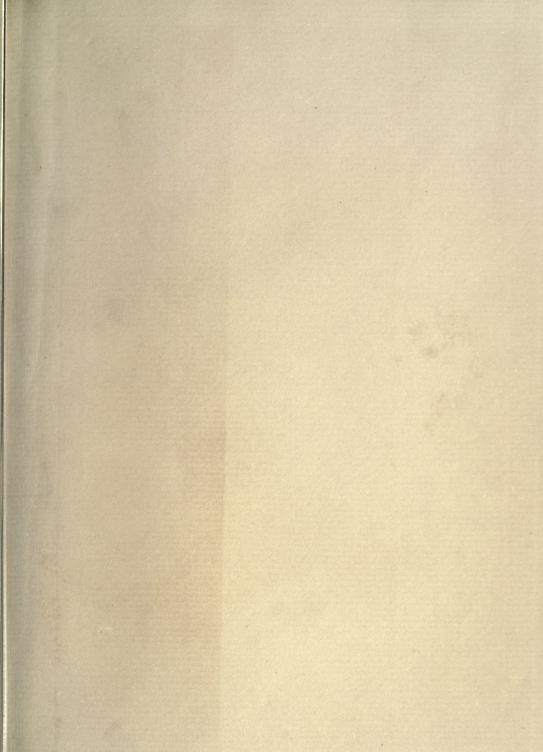
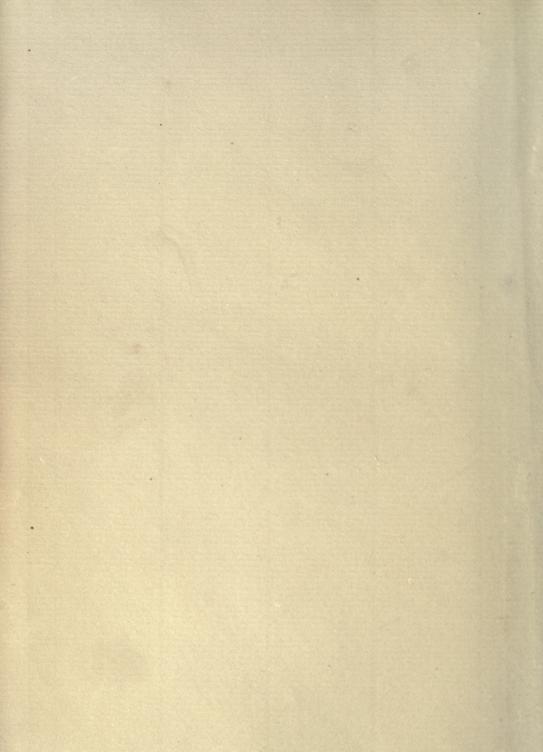
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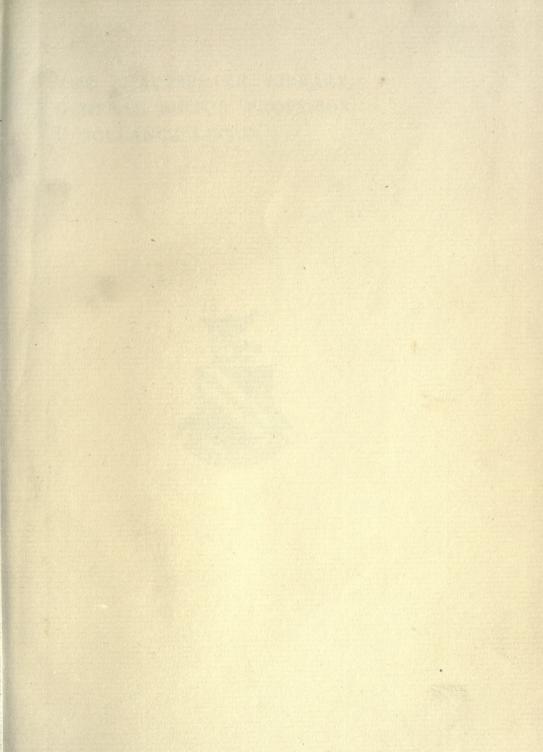
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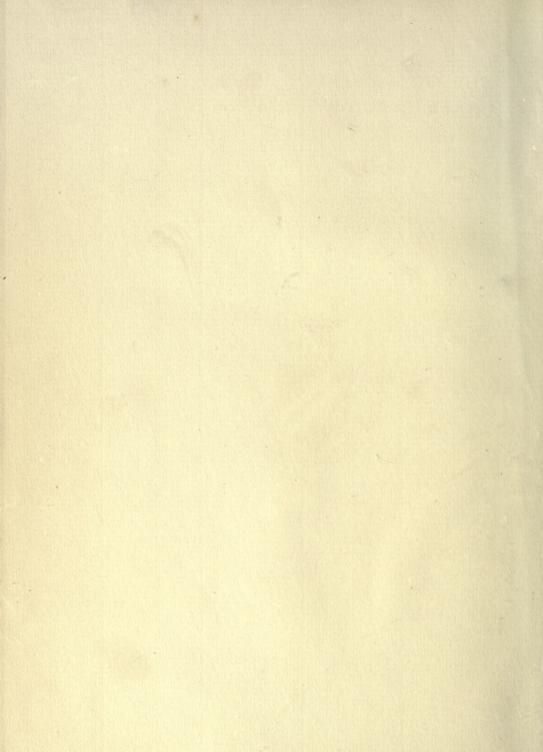












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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

W. G. BOSWELL-STONE



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FOREWORDS.

THE Shaksperian part of The Taming of the Shrew was probably written about 1596-7. The play was first published in F1, 1623. There is a Qo. (1631), which is a reprint, with

a few slight corrections, of F1.

In olden days men wrote the books, and naturally gave women a rough time of it, and attributed all the mischief of the world to them; but they fairly urge now that if a woman had written the legends of Genesis, we should have a different version of what went on in Paradise from the one generally accepted. As we know, however, that Shrews' Bridles existed in Early England, and that we have at least one sample of 'em still, and as Heywood's Four P's testifies that the prize liar of his time, c. 1540, was the man who said he'd never seen a woman in a temper, we must admit that Shakspere, ever on the look-out for a popular subject, was justified in adopting and strengthening an old play, The Taming of a Shrew, publisht in 1594, which followed one of the popular poems in Captain Cox's Library, 1575, mentioned below, p. xiv.

When a girl who should be a lady, forgets that she is one, and turns shrew, she has to get the nonsense shaken out of her, and Petruchio's handling of Kate is done in masterly fashion. His trials of her may seem somewhat harsh, but as soon as she understands his humour, she enters into it, and wins happiness

for herself and him.

The Shrew is popular still on the London stage, for, besides Petruchio and Kate, it gives us the wit and humour of Grumio, akin to Falstaff, and the comicalities of Sly. The story of the Induction is from the Arabian Nights, and the trick played by Philip, Duke of Burgundy, on a drunken man in Brussels,

told in Goulard's Admirable and Memorable Histories, 1607, englisht by Grimestone, and taken from Heuterus De Rebus Burgundicis: see Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library, Pt. I. vol. iv. p. 163; Warton's Hist. of English Poetry, Sec. LII., and Bond's Arden edition of The Shrew, pp. xlvi-xlix. In my Leopold Shakspere Introduction, p. xlvi. I noted that "the comical sham translation of the Latin lesson (in The Shrew) may have been suggested by a like bit in The 3 Lords and 3 Ladies of London, A.D. 1588, pr. 1590 (Hazlitt's Dodsley, vi. 500), 'O, singulariter, nominativo, wise Lord Pleasure; genitivo, bind him to the post; dativo, give me my torch; accusativo, for I say he's a cosener; vocativo, O, give me room to run at him; ablativo, take and blind me.'" 1

What follows here—on the 3 authors of The Shrew, and the comparison of it with A Shrew and Gascoigne's Supposes,—is from the pen of my dead friend Walter G. Boswell-Stone, who also edited the play and wrote the Notes to it.—F. J. F.

The Taming of the Shrew presents a twofold plot, combining (1) Petruchio's taming of the shrew Katherine with (2) Lucentio's clandestine wooing of Bianca. The former plot-component is derived from an anonymous play entitled A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The taming of a Shrew (1st ed. 1594); ² the original source of the latter is I Suppositi, a play written by Ariosto, ³ where a master and his servant, for the sake of prosecuting a love-intrigue, exchange characters and engage a stranger to personate the master's father; an underplot which is also interwoven with The Taming of a Shrew. The scene of The Taming of a Shrew is laid partly at Athens; partly at Ferando's (Petruchio's) country-house. The action

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¹ Bond (p. xlvi) gives Herford the credit of this, but I was the first to point it out, in the Leopold Shakspere Introduction.

² Reprinted in Nichols's Sin Old Plays, 1779, and in Hazlitt's Shake-speare's Library, Pt. II. vol. ii. pp. 492-542; facsimiled by Ashbee, 1876, and edited by Prof. Boas in the 'Shakespeare Classics.'

A translation by George Gascoigne, entitled Supposes; a Comedye from Ariosto, appeared in 1566. Reprinted in Hawkins's Origin of Eng. Dram., vol. iii., and in Hazlitt's ed. of Gascoigne's Works (Roxburghe Library).

of I Suppositi is confined to Ferrara. In the former play the unities of time and place are disregarded; in the latter they are

strictly observed.

Mr. Grant White—to whose guidance we are mainly indebted for the following analysis—attributed the composition of this play to the successive labours of three writers, whose several shares therein he moreover defined. (1) The author of A Shrew.¹ (2) A recaster—called by us, for distinction's sake, X.—who re-wrote most of the play, developing, with particular care, the sham-wooer and sham-father plots, both which—especially the first—have a much cruder form in A Shrew. (3) An amender who re-wrote and touched up portions of the play, and whose style and power warrant the belief that the editors of F1 had partial justification for assigning The Shrew to Shakspere.

We print in larger type all which we either hold to be

undoubtedly Shakspere's, or presume to be his.

The Induction was written by Shakspere. The chief variations from A Shrew are to be found in the speeches of Sly, which are enlarged and quite altered in detail. Characteristic Shaksperian touches are observable in (1) the hunting talk in Sc. i. Il. 13-26, p. 6, expanded from three lines spoken by the Lord in A Shrew, 'Cupple vppe the hounds', &c.; (2) the addition, in Sc. ii. ll. 6-11, 16-22, p. 12, 81-94, p. 14, of the personal and local particulars connected with Sly; especially his mention of Burton Heath and Wincot, both Warwickshire places; and (3) the descriptions of the pictures, suggested by stories in the Metamorphoses of Ovid, 2 Shakspere's favourite Latin poet. Here it should be noted that the portrayal of 'Citherea all in sedges hid',-and therefore concealed from Adonis-infers the same general non-Ovidian view of the amorous goddess pursuing the reluctant mortal, which had been

² The details are Shakspere's. He found Daphne's flight from Apollo, and the rape of Io in Metamorphoses, i. 525-542, and 588-600.

¹ Mr. S. Hickson pointed out (Notes and Queries, 1st S. i. 226, 227) ten parallelisms, some verbally exact, borrowed by the author of A Shrew from Marlowe's Tamburlaine and Doctor Faustus. For example, four of the five opening lines of the Lord's speech—preceding those we print at p. 6—are taken nearly verbasim from Doctor Faustus.

given in Venus and Adonis, 1593; while this special conception occurs, more fully developed, in the (possibly Shaksperian) 6th sonnet of the Passionate Pilgrim, 1599, as ll. 3-5 show:

When Cytherea (all in Loue forlorne)
A longing tariance for Adonis made,
Vnder an Osyer growing by a brooke,' &c.

It may be fanciful to compare the Lord's hounds (Sc. ii. 43, 44, p. 13) with those of Sparta whose 'gallant chiding' was such that

⁶ The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare Seemd all one mutuall cry,' &c.

but there is a close resemblance between the medical opinion delivered by the Messenger in Sc. ii. Il. 128-133, p. 16, and Æmilia's argument, in *The Comedie of Errors*, V. i. 71-86, upon the probable cause of Antipholus of Ephesus's madness.

Act I. so. i. we ascribe to X. A difference of style is at once perceptible. As to treatment of subject, note that Lucentio is introduced to the audience, announcing his birth-place and parentage to Tranio, who had been brought up from infancy in Vincentio's household. By the same inartistic method Petruchio makes known (I. ii. 1-4, p. 24) his abode and reason for visiting Padua. In none of Shakspere's plays can first entries like these be paralleled. A link between this part of X.'s work and a line in another scene, which also we assign to him, is l. 10, p. 18, 'Pisa renowned for graue Citizens'; repeated at IV. ii. 95, p. 66.

The Interlude (ll. 238-243, p. 24) affords the last glimpse of

Sly as Shakspere depicted him.

Act I. se. ii. Mr. Grant White says that no part of this scene was written by Shakspere. The style of the opening speech (ll. 1-4), and, as has already been pointed out, the non-Shaksperian method of introducing Petruchio to the audience, are paralleled by Lucentio's first speech in I. i.

¹ Cp. with these entries the first mention made of Biondello, I. i. 42-45, p. 18.

The four specimens of Grumio's humour-including the knocking-conceit, with which compare Errors, III. i. 58, -are certainly not equal to what we find in IV. i.; there is nothing, for example, like 'thou maist slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no greater a run but my head and my necke.' Yet the same bent of knavery is discernible in the Grumio who beguiles Kate with pretended readiness to serve her (IV. iii. 17-30, pp. 67, 68), and in him who wilfully misunderstands Petruchio, and affects astonishment and indignation at such perverse orders. The fantastic paradox, 'shee shal have no more eies to see withall then a Cat,' is akin to 'the Oates haue eaten the horses'; and bears a still closer resemblance to Fabian's 'Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox (Twelfth Night, II. v. 116, 117). Hortensio's speeches we judge to be in X.'s manner, as well as some spoken by Petruchio. Petruchio's share of the altercation about knocking at the door is indivisible from Grumio's. His explanation of his matrimonial designs (ll. 48-56) contains an enlarged version of Valentine's maxim: Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits' (Two Gentlemen, I. i. 2). The next speech (ll. 63-74) has a thoroughly Shaksperian simile: that 'Affections edge'; which even Kate's roughness will not remove. These speeches, and ll. 195-207, which we also claim for Shakspere, are in a like vein of boisterous self-confidence, expressed with much vigour of phrase and illustration: note in regard to the latter specially, Il. 197-203. Petruchio's other speeches in this scene are unimportant and characterless; excepting perhaps Il. 93. 94. We believe X. to have written the parts played here by Gremio. Lucentio, Tranio, and Biondello.

Act II. sc. i. The clever light comedy of ll. 1-38, and the preliminary speeches of Bianca's suitors, we attribute to X. We are doubtful about the authorship of ll. 47-70. Ll. 111-117 preface a very Shaksperian display of legal knowledge; and we believe that all, from this point to the departure of Petruchio and Katherine (l. 316), was written by Shakspere. From thence to the end of the scene the hand of X. is visible

in marked and unbroken contrast.

Act III. sc. i. This scene is wholly the work of X.

Act III. sc. ii. All that relates to Petruchio's wooing, from the opening of the scene to l. 116, where the other plot supervenes, we assign to Shakspere. In Katherine's first speech, observe the neologism 'rudesby,' which occurs again

in Twelfth Night, IV. i. 48.

The full details of Petruchio's and Grumio's array, and the list of equine diseases, are in Shakspere's manner. Compare, for example, with the former, As you like it, III. ii. 348-357, with the latter Troilus and Cressida, V. i. 16-22. Concerning this veterinary surgeon's catalogue of a horse's defects, Lord Tennyson said: it 'has such a rollicking, Rabelaisian comic swing about it, that I cannot but suspect it to be genuine Shakspere.' 1 On Gremio's re-entry Shakspere again takes up the pen, and lays it aside with the exit of Petruchio, X.'s conclusion to the scene being left untouched. Shakspere's well-known fondness for Biblical quotations or allusions crops out in Petruchio's application of the tenth commandment (III. ii. 222-224).²

Throughout the remainder of the play the respective shares of Shakspere and X. are, in our judgment, so clearly to be discriminated as to need little comment from us. Another trace

of Shakspere's study of Ovid occurs at IV. v. 38-40.8

In the Shaksperian scene V. ii., Kate's creed on the relation of husband and wife is the same as Luciana's (*Errors*, II. i. 15-25). We conjecture that Shakspere inserted the humorous scrap at IV. iv. 95-97, p. 78. Its omission does not at all disturb the sequence of Biondello's speech.

The broad result of this analysis may be thus briefly stated: Shakspere re-wrote the whole of Sly's adventure, by far the

1 New Sh. Soc. Trans., 1874, p. 105.

² These lines however may be taken from A knacke to know a knave, 1594, Hazlitt's Dodley, vi. 549. Another Poor Man thus answers A Farmer, who would force him to sell his house: 'My house? why, 'tir my goods, My wife, my land, my horse, my ass, or anything That is his? The words italicized are also in The Shrew, loc. cit.

² Said by the nymph Nais of Salmacis in Met., IV. 322-326; and by Ulysses of Nausicaa, in the original source of the lines, Od., VI. 154-159. We do not press the inference which this paraphrase of Ovid suggests, remembering that in The Shrew, III. i., X. quotes Hereidet, i. 33, 34.

larger part of Petruchio's and Katherine's speeches, and nearly all that Grumio says. The love-intrigue of Lucentio and Bianca, and all that relates to the personation of Vincentio, is the work of X.

Kate, as she was before meeting Petruchio, is the creation of X. In A Shrew her cursedness is matter of hearsay only until she appears in the wooing scene with Ferando which Shakspere recast. X., who introduced her early in I. i. and again in II. i., depicts her as a high-spirited girl, soured by the hatred of Bianca's suitors and the partiality of Baptista for his younger daughter. The humility 1 and obedience of Bianca—whether feigned for the sake of contrast, or springing from cowardice—exasperated Kate beyond endurance. Bianca was, no doubt, the special model of feminine perfection that Kate was constantly invited to study. Shakspere added one more touch. Petruchio's words:

'Though little fire growes great with little winde Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:' &c.

convey an indirect censure upon Baptista for his weakness in fretting at, but not checking, Kate's shrewish temper.

In IV. iii. Shakspere imitated closely the Sander of A Shrew. The 'sweet Bianca' of X., demure and dutiful, yet so apt for intrigue, is exhibited in a changed aspect by Shakspere, who had his eye on the old drama. On the wedding-day she flung a naughty quip at old Gremio, and made a rude response to her husband when he mildly blamed her disobedience. Lucentio, amorous and quick-brained, and Tranio, who though but a Bergamese sail-maker's son, slips as easily into his master's character as into his clothes, are X.'s presentations of Erostrato and Dulippo, the master and servant in I Suppositi.

Shakspere and X. conspire to cover Hortensio with ridicule. Beruffed after a new guise by Shakspere's Kate, snubbed and jilted by X.'s Bianca, and henpecked by Shakspeare's 'lusty widow' of Padua, he paid dearly for the treacherous advantage he hoped to gain over Gremio by his clandestine wooing of the

exasperating allusion to Kate's age (l. 7).'—Teena Rochfort Smith.

girl he had agreed to compete for fairly. Gremio, 'the old Pantelowne,' possessed worldly acuteness,—with what contempt he pointed out the worthlessness of Tranio's offers,—but his ignorant admiration of the unknown made him the facile dupe of a pretender to letters. X. endowed him with dry, cynical humour, which became genial when, through Shakspere's inspiration, he described Petruchio's marriage.

Baptista, the sordid matchmaker, who invited his pet Bianca's suitors to bid for her, is X.'s conception. Damonio and Alfonso, like prudent fathers, merely require to be assured that they are

not giving their daughters to penniless men.

In the present age the humour with which the shrew-taming plot is worked out seems hardly to atone for the brutality of the method adopted by Petruchio. There is however in The Shrew a reference to a more humane doctrine than had formerly prevailed in such matters. Petruchio did not return Kate's blow, and she answers his half-jesting threat of retaliation with the modern maxim: 'If you strike me, you are no gentleman.' Less than fifty years before the date of A Shrew, a story presumably popular, set forth how a man flogged his shrewish wife till she swooned, and then wrapped her, bleeding, in the salted hide of his old horse Morell.\(^1\) To Fletcher's credit be it said that before 1622 he produced The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed, showing Petruchio as a remarried widower completely vanquished by his new second wife.

The parallel extracts will show the reader that the author of AShrew was gifted with considerable farcical power.² He was not so successful when he turned from the main plot to the comedy of intrigue. His dialogue then became disfigured by bombast and strained metaphors. It was in this underplot of

intrigue that X. displayed his ability.

² The delightful nonsense of Why, Tapster, I say, fil's a fresh cushen heere!' spoken by the Slie of A Shrew (p. 6 l. 1) is worthy of

Shakspere.

¹ The Wife lapped in Morels skin (about 1550-60). Reprinted in Hazlitt's Sh. Lib., Pt. I. vol. iv. pp. 416-448. A story which Captain Cox had (in 1575) 'at hiz fingers endz.'— Lancham's Letter, ed. F. J. Furnivall, p. 30.

COMPARISON OF THE PLOTS IN

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, THE TAMING OF A SHREW, AND I SUPPOSITI.

The Induction to *The Shrew* is an enlarged version of that which precedes *A Shrew*. *A Shrew* has four short Interludes, between which the action of the external play is resumed. In the last Interlude Sly falls asleep again, whereupon the Lord bids his men:

... 'go take him easily vp,

[Cp. The Shrew, l. 42, p. 7.]

And put him in his one [own] apparel againe, And lay him in the place where we did find him, Iust vnderneath the alehouse side below, But see you wake him not in any case.'

Day is dawning when the tapster re-enters, awakes Sly, and advises him to go home, for fear of his wife's anger. Sly answers that he has dreamed how to tame a shrew, if need be. Wishing to hear the dream, the tapster proposes to accompany him to his home, and they leave the stage together. In *The Shrew* there is only one brief interlude (I. i. 238-243, p. 24), unlike its source both in phrase and matter, and Sly's adventure is then allowed to drop away entirely.

Act I. sc. i. The first scene of A Sbrew is laid before Alfonso's 2 house at Athens. Aurelius (Lucentio), Polydore (Hortensio), and their servants Valeria (Tranio) and Catapie, enter. Polydore, a student at Athens, welcomes his friend Aurelius, son of Jerobell (Vincentio), Duke of Cestus. Aurelius has left Jerobell's court, to visit Polydore. Alfonso (Baptista), an Athenian merchant, enters with his three daughters, Kate (the Shrew), Philema, and Emelia. Polydore and Aurelius stand apart, regarding them. Alfonso sends his daughters to the church, and goes himself to the quay. On their departure, Polydore tells Aurelius that he loves Emelia, but cannot become

² See the Comparative List of the Characters in the three plays, facing p. xxx.

¹ The comparison with the two source-plays follows the order of Act and scene in The Shrew.

a suitor for her because Alfonso has sworn that Kate 'first shall be espowede.' Aurelius says that he has fallen in love with Philema. Polydore then sends his boy Catapie to fetch Ferando (Petruchio), who is Kate's equal in wealth and person, and, being also 'as blunt in speech as she is sharpe of toong,' may, he hopes, venture to marry her. Aurelius determines to woo Philema in the character of a 'Marchants sonne of Cestus'; his servant Valeria assuming, in the meanwhile, the name and dress of 'the Duke of Cestus sonne." I Suppositi opens with a dialogue between Polinesta (Bianca), daughter of Damonio (Baptista), a merchant of Ferrara, and her nurse. Polinesta says that Erostrato (Lucentio), son of Filogono (Vincentio), a merchant of Catania, came to Ferrara to study law. On his arrival he met her in the high street, fell in love with her at once, and abandoning all thought of study, exchanged both clothes and name with his servant Dulippo, who had accompanied him from Catania, Thus disguised, Erostrato managed to enter Damonio's service. Dulippo, in the mean while, studied diligently (cp. The Shrew, I. i. 187, p. 22). The similarity between the three plays is here close; the only difference being that in I Suppositi the master takes the servant's name. Cleandro (Gremio), a rich old doctor of laws, is a suitor for Polinesta's hand, and in order to mar his wooing, the sham Erostrato plays the part of a rival.

Act I. sc. ii. In A Shrew the action proceeds. Catapie's errand is anticipated by the entrance of Ferando and Sander (Grumio), immediately after Aurelius has expressed his intention of exchanging characters with Valeria. Ferando announces to Polydore an already-formed resolve to woo Kate, her father having promised him 6000 crowns if he should succeed. He desires the two friends to 'stand aside,' whereupon he will make Alfonso bring Kate out of the house and leave her with him. Polydore and Aurelius then quit the stage, and Sander retires from view.

Act II. sc. i. In A Shrew Ferando's wooing of Kate precedes her music-lesson. Left alone, Ferando summons Alfonso

Our quotations are taken from the text published in Teatre Italians Antico, Milano, vol. ii. pp. 209-318.

and desires him to bring forth Kate, and, after a brief absence, return in order to join their hands and fix the wedding-day. Alfonso calls Kate forth and departs, exhorting her to treat her wooer 'as friendlie' as she can. Then follows a dialogue between Ferando and Kate, which is the original of The Shrew, II. i. 179-272, pp. 36-39. Alfonso, returning, appoints the wedding-day, and retires with Kate. Ferando departs, after bidding Sander remain to inform Polydore of the approaching marriage, and of his temporary absence in the country. Catapie enters and asks Sander where Ferando is to be found. Before the question is answered, Polydore, Aurelius, and Valeria re-enter. Sander delivers his master's message, and goes out with Catapie. Valeria—'as erste we did deuise,' says Aurelius—taking his lute, goes to Alfonso's house, Alfonso having, as Polydore remarks,

To helpe him to some cunning Musition, To teach his eldest daughter on the lute.

In The Shrew, I. i. 95-97, p. 20, Baptista makes a similar application to Hortensio¹ and Gremio. Polydore proposes that, whilst Kate is having her music-lesson, he and Aurelius should seize the opportunity of courting her sisters, who will then be able 'to stele abrode' unhindered by her. Alfonso re-enters, and thanks Polydore for sending such a skilful musician, who, he adds, is now about to give Kate a lesson. So, in The Shrew, II. i., Hortensio, after being presented to Baptista, is at once despatched to his pupil.² Tranio makes himself known to Baptista. Polydore introduces Aurelius to Alfonso as 'a wealthie Marchants sonne of Cestus.' The first scene of A Shrew now ends, all entering Alfonso's house. No appreciable interval of time elapses, however, before Valeria enters with Kate. The

² Filogono's servant was called Lizio (*Litio* Gasc. trans. *I Suppositi*), a name assumed by Hortensio, spelt *Litio*, or *Lisio* in F1.

¹ The reader will remark that Hortensio's disappearance causes no surprise to Gremio and Tranio. Hortensio's purpose was to court Bianca, without Gremio's knowledge. See I. ii. 132, 133. But some excuse for his apparent absence should have been devised. In A Shrew Valeria is the musician, and Polydore (Hortensio) does not efface himself by a disguise.

music-lesson, of which Hortensio delivers a report, was witnessed by the spectators of A Shrew. Valeria wishes a false stop to be played over again, whereupon his pupil waxes wroth, offers to strike him with the lute, and then flinging it down, sweeps away. She had bidden Valeria beware

> And make your musicke flie about your eares: Ile make it and your foolish coxcombe meet';

and warned him to

. . . 'come no more into this place, Least that I clap your fiddle on your face.'

The latter threat, and the advice she had previously offered him,—

'Then make a night cap of your fiddles case, To warme your head, and hide your filthie face!'

—perhaps suggested the ludicrous picture of Hortensio pilloried in his own lute. Gremio's taunt (*The Shrew*, II. i. 392-395, p. 43) may be an echo of Cleandro's reply to a parasite named Pasifilo, on learning that Dulippo-Erostrato has undertaken to endow Polinesta with a marriage portion of 2000 ducats, the sum already promised by her aged suitor. Cleandro says (p. 222):

Può Erostrato
Far dunque tale offerta, e entrare in obbligo
Alcuno, cum sit filius familias ?' 1

Act. III. sc. i. bears no resemblance to any scene either in A Shrew or I Suppositi.

Act III. so. ii. The action of A Shrew continues. To Valeria soliloquizing on Kate's shrewishness, enter Aurelius, Polydore, Emelia, and Philema. On hearing the untoward

¹ Can Erostrato make such an offer, and give a bond, seeing that he is a minor?

result of the music-lesson. Aurelius orders Valeria to go to his chamber, and entertain one who has come from Cestus 'to dine.' This person is doubtless the merchant Philotus, who is hereinafter to play the same part which belongs to the Pedant in The Shrew and to the Sanese in I Suppositi. Alfonso enters, marvelling at Ferando's absence. Such is the rapidity of the action that the wedding day has already arrived. Philema and Emelia are sent to Kate, who is engaged with her toilet. Like Baptista, Alfonso fears that 2 the bridegroom may have changed his mind. Like Tranio, Polydore endeavours to reassure the anxious father. Then enters Ferando, 'baselie attired,' and we have the dialogue which forms the parallel of The Shrew, III. ii. 80-116, pp. 49, 50. As he says, 'And therefore take me thus or not at all.' Kate appears, and answers his question—'shall we go to church' -by flatly refusing to marry 'such a filthie slauish groome.' Ferando addresses her in a strain of extravagant flattery which, presumably, appeases her wrath, for she says no more, and they set out for church. Alfonso and the rest following. Sander and Catapie now enter, and their talk fills the time during which the wedding is celebrated. The description of the marriage ceremony in The Shrew, III. ii. 142-176, pp. 51, 52, has no parallel in A Shrew. The wedding-party return, and Ferando insists on carrying off the bride, as Petruchio does in The Shrew, III, ii. 177-231, pp. 52-54. After Emelia's speech, 'They're euen as well macht as I would wish,' some speculation ensues. Philema doubts Ferando's ability to tame Kate. Aurelius questions the efficiency of Kate's 'manhood.' Polydore hesitatingly agrees with Philema. He proposes to visit the new-married pair within 'this two daies.' Alfonso then questions Aurelius:

² The result of Hortensio's effacement is that Tranio answers for the honesty of Petruchio, with whom he has, at most, only two days' acquaintance. In A Shrew, Polydore (Hortensio) vouches for his old friend Ferando. Cp. note 1, p. 6.

^{1 &#}x27;In the old Play of the Taming of a Shrew the whole story is knit up in the course of two days. In the first, Ferando = Petruchio woos Kate and fixes his marriage for "next Sunday"; "next Sunday" then becomes to-morrow, to-morrow becomes to-day, and to-day ends with the wedding night in Ferando's country house. All the rest of the Play is included in the second day."—P. A. Daniel's Time-Analysis of The Shrew in New Sh. Soc. Trans., 1877-79, p. 169.

'What have you sent to Cestus as you said, To certifie your father of your love? For I would gladlie he would like of it; And if he be the man you tell to me, I guess he is a Marchant of great wealth.'

Aurelius replies that he expects his father to visit Athens 'within this weeke at most.' This preparation for the sham-father part of the plot—of which we have already had a hint—should be compared with the colloquy between Lucentio and Tranio, in The Shrew, III. ii. 121-141, pp. 50, 51. The scene now closes, all, as in The Shrew, leaving the stage to partake of the wedding dinner.

IV. i. The corresponding scene in A Shrew is laid at

Ferando's house.

IV. ii. About half of this scene in The Shrew (II. 1-52) is original. Next comes the jesting about Petruchio's shrew-taming school, which is taken almost verbatim from A Shrew. For the rest of the scene I Suppositi is the chief source, A Shrew having here but slight resemblance to the Shaksperian play. On the opening of the Second Act of I Suppositi, Dulippo relates to Erostrato how Damonio had been persuaded to wait fifteen days before giving his daughter in marriage; within which time Filogono—whom Damonio required to subscribe Erostrato's bond—was expected at Ferrara.

As Dulippo was issuing from Ferrara, he saw (p. 234)

Uomo attempato, il quale ha assai buon' aria.' 1
[Cp. The Shrew, IV. ii. 60-62, p. 65.]

Dulippo asked him whence he came and whither he was going. The traveller replied that he came from Padua, having previously visited Venice, and was now returning to his native city, Siena. Hereupon Dulippo affected great surprise; and, when asked the reason, answered that some ambassadors to the King of Naples, sent by Ercole [II.] Duke of Ferrara, and returning with costly

A gentleman coming down from the embankment, an elderly man, of passably good mien. (The Po is embanked at Ferrara.)

presents from the King to the Duke, had been stayed by the custom-house officers of Siena, and obliged to pay duty on the royal gifts as though they had been merchants' wares. To Ercole's complaint of this discourtesy the Republic of Siena made such an insolent response that the Duke, in great wrath, swore upon the host that all the Sanesi found in his dominions should be driven away with disgrace: further, that innkeepers, who received them and did not give immediate notice of their arrival, should incur a heavy penalty. Upon hearing this, the traveller was about to ride off, but, by Dulippo's advice, consented instead to pass for the merchant (mercatante, cp. The Shrew, IV. ii. 63, p. 65) Filogono of Catania, and lodge in his reputed son's house. Dulippo trusted, ere the Sanese discovered how he had been duped, to win his good will by politeness and hospitality, and thus engage him to join in the plot by giving security, in Filogono's name, for two or three thousand ducats, or more. At the close of this explanation the Sanese, whom Dulippo has left at an inn until Erostrato should sanction the scheme, enters with a servant. After some talk, Dulippo, the Sanese, and the servant enter the sham-Erostrato's house. In the corresponding scene of A Shrew, Aurelius and Valeria enter, and the former, after telling Valeria-apparently for the first time-of his love for Philema, says that he hopes to marry her

> 'If that the marchant which thou toldst me of Will (as he sayd) go to Alfonsos house, And say he is my father, and there with all Pas ouer certain deedes of land to me.'

Aurelius, wishing to see Philotus, goes out to meet him conducted

by Valeria.

Act. IV. sc. iii. In A Shrew—the sole source of this scene—the shrew-taming action is interrupted, and a parallel scene to The Shrew, IV. iv. precedes that in which Ferando undertakes to regulate Kate's wardrobe, and insists on her accepting his reckoning of time.

Act IV. sc. iv. The resemblance to A Shrew in this scene does not extend beyond l. 73. Aurelius, Valeria and Philotus enter, on their way to Alphonso's house. Having cautioned

Philotus to remember his lesson, Aurelius summons Alphonso. Alphonso comes to his door, and is introduced by Aurelius to Philotus, Philotus, responding to Alphonso's welcome, says that he is aware of Aurelius's choice, which he does not 'mislike.' He offers to settle £300 a-year on his son, and pay down 1000 ingots of pure gold, and 2000 bars of silver plate, confirming these promises 'in writing straight.' Alphonso commends Philotus's fatherly liberality, consents to the match, and engages to enlarge his daughter's dowry. Alphonso is then presented by Aurelius to Valeria, who personates, as before arranged, the Duke of Cestus's son. Philotus wishes the marriage settlements to be drawn up in Valeria's presence, and, at Alphonso's invitation. Valeria accompanies them to Alphonso's house, where the business is to be transacted. The scene of A Shrew, which is the source of The Shrew, IV. iii. 59-191, pp. 70-75, ends with Ferando's declaration to Kate: 'Ile haue you say as I doo ere you go.' To this succeeds a scene which has no parallel in The Shrew. The wedding day of Kate's sisters has come. Polydore, Emelia, Aurelius and Philema enter, and, after an interchange of high-flown compliments, depart for the church, where Alfonso and 'the reste' are awaiting them.

Act IV. sc. v. While Kate's sisters are being married, she and Ferando are somewhere on the road to Athens. Kate's speech—ending with a hope that Athens may not be exposed to the unveiled lustre of his 'louely face'—convinces the Duke of Cestus that she is as mad as her husband; and, 'for feare of harme,' he rides on ahead. Ferando praises Kate for her obedience, and they follow the Duke, intending to 'perswade

him to his shape again.'

Act V. sc. i. I Suppositi has furnished the chief material for this scene of The Shrew. Dulippo, having obtained a shamfather for his master Erostrato, was very anxious to find the parasite Pasifilo whom he proposed sending to Damonio, to announce Filogono's arrival and willingness to guarantee the requisite marriage portion. Hearing that Pasifilo had been seen outside the gate of S. Paolo, Dulippo went to seek him. At

^{1 &#}x27;For you doo very much resemble him,' says Aurelius. Cp. The Shrew, IV. ii. 100, p. 66.

the place where ships were unloaded, a boat came ashore in which he saw Lizio his fellow-servant, and Filogono. He immediately fled in order to warn Erostrato, whom he expects to find in Damonio's house. Waiting outside the house for Erostrato he espies Filogono and Lizio approaching, and is obliged to take to his heels. Filogono and Lizio are accompanied by a Ferrarese, their host, who has offered to show them the sham Erostrato's house. At this point the parallel with The Shrew, V. i. 7-69, begins. On reaching the house the Ferrarese knocks without result, whereupon Lizio hammers at the door. Dalio, the sham Erostrato's cook, looks out from a window. Filogono asks for Erostrato, and, being told that he is not at home, demands to be admitted. Dalio answers that Filogono cannot be received in the house; another stranger has taken all the spare room. On further enquiry Filogono learns that this stranger is Filogono of Catania, Erostrato's father. Asked when the stranger arrived Dalio replies that he alighted at the Angel ('all' Angelo')1 two hours or more ago, and was brought to the house by Erostrato. Filogono wishes to see the stranger, and Dalio retires from the window to summon him. The Sanese comes to the door. In answer to Filogono's enquiries he asserts himself to be Filogono, a merchant of Catania, and Erostrato's father. Filogono rates the Sanese. Dalio threatens Filogono, and invites the Sanese to re-enter the house. The Ferrarese descries the sham Erostrato, and brings him face to face with Filogono. Both Filogono and Lizio recognize Dulippo. Dulippo denies having ever seen Filogono. He says that every one in Ferrara knows him as Erostrato, and appeals to the Ferrarese, who confirms the statement. Lizio suspects that the Ferrarese and Dulippo are leagued to cheat Filogono. Declining to listen any longer to such nonsense, Dulippo moves to enter his house. Filogono reviles Dulippo, and says (p. 287):

Fatto, assassino, poichè 'I suo nome occupi?' 2

1 See Notes on The Shrew, p. 96.

What have you done with Erostrato, murderer, since you usurp his name?

Cp. The Shrew, V. i. 69, p. 84. Dulippo restrains Dalio's violence, and withdraws with him into the house. Guided by the Ferrarese, Filogono departs to obtain legal advice from an advocate. Thus in I Suppositi the impostors are able to hold their own, but in A Shrew, as in The Shrew, the unwinding of the plot is quickly brought about. With The Shrew, V. i. 87-113, pp. 84, 85, A Shrew must be compared, l. 94 excepted, where Lucentio confesses to Baptista that he has married Bianca

'While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eine.'

Here 'supposes' is evidently applied to those who assume the character and appearance of other persons, whom they are supposed to be; i.e. suppositi, or 'supposes' according to Gascoigne's title. His daughters' marriage being over, Alfonso invites the wedding-party to his house 'to see what cheere we haue.' He wonders at the absence of Ferando and Kate. Philotus promises Alfonso shiploads of costly gifts,—amongst which he enumerates 'Arras counter poines,' cp. The Shrew, II. i. 343, p. 42,—and Valeria undertakes, in still more generous sort, to enrich his friend Polydore's father-in-law. The Duke of Cestus, entering unobserved, overhears Valeria. A few speeches in The Shrew bear some resemblance to what follows. Says the Duke to Valeria:

Are you become the Duke of Cestus son, And reuels with my treasure in the towne?

[Cp. V. i. 54, 55, p. 83.] . . .

Val. Sounes! it is the Duke, what shall I doo?

[Cp. V. i. 34, 35, p. 83.] . . .

Duke. Her's no villaine! he will not know me now. [To Phi.] But what say you? have you forgot me too?

[Cp. V. i. 38, p. 83.] . . .

Aur. Pardon me, father! humblie on my knees,

[Cp. V. i. 89, p. 84, and stage-direction in F.]

I do intreat your grace to heare me speake!

¹ Filogono is introduced to Cleandro (Gremio). The dénouement of I Suppositi is delayed in order that Dulippo-Erostrato may prove to be Cleandro's son, who had been lost when a child.

The Duke, however, orders that Philotus and Valeria be sent to prison. They, like Tranio and the Pedant, run away. Cp. the second F. stage-direction at V. 18, 89, p. 84. The Duke storms at Aurelius and Valeria, in 'Ercles vein.' Aurelius and Philema offer their lives to appease his wrath. Their submission, and the entreaties of Polydore and Emelia, prevail, and he acknowledges the marriage. Refusing Alfonso's invitation to the wedding banquet, and promising to revisit him in state 'ere't be long,' Jerobell departs, attended to his ship by Aurelius. Alfonso and the rest then leave the stage.

Act V. sc. ii. This scene is wholly derived from A Shrew. Some time after Jerobell's exit, Ferando and Kate reached Athens. Supper is now over, and Ferando proves himself to be

a complete Shrew-tamer.

LIST OF CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS MADE IN THE TEXT OF THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Words added by us.
 Words omitted by us.
 Transpositions and transferences.
 Altered words.
 Altered spellings.
 Errors corrected by the addition, omission, or alteration of letters.
 Turned letters.

1. Words added. and, I. ii. 118, p. 27; thee, II. i. 8, p. 31; you, 78, p. 33; Bian., III. i. 48, p. 45; e'en, ii. 16, p. 47; thy, 29, p. 47; olde, 30, p. 47; to her, 121, p. 50; I, 123, p. 51; her, IV. ii. 35, p. 64; eir, 120, p. 66; a, iii. 81, p. 71; a, 88, p. 71; be, v. 77, p. 81.

2. Words omitted. a in a a, In., ii. 138, p. 17; as in is as, I. ii. 71,

p. 26; om. Luc., III. i. 45, p. 45; om. Par., IV. il. 71, p. 65.

3. Transpositions. Thou wilt for wilt theu, IV. i. 37, p. 56; Tra.

(from. l. 5), iv. 6, p. 75.

4. Words altered. Lordship from Lord, In., ii. 2, p. 11; counsel's 's = is) from counsels, I. 1, 155, p. 22; your from you, 234, p. 24; masters, from mistris, ii. 18, p. 24; ours from yours, 210, p. 29; feate from seeks, 262, p. 31; gaveds from goods, II. i. 3, p. 31; Neighbor from meighbors, 76, p. 33; Luc. from Bian., III. i. 49, p. 45; Bian. from Hort., 51, p. 45; masters from master, 54, p. 45; change from charge, 78, p. 46; hear from heard, ii. 33, p. 47; stwaid from Waid, 51, p. 48; Cur. from Gru., IV. i. 23, p. 56; their from the, 42, p. 56; Hor. from Luc., ii. 4, p. 63; Luc. from Hor., 6, 8, p. 63; none from me; 13, p. 63; her from them, 31, p. 64; in from me, 71, p. 65; account'st from accountedit, ii. 177, p. 75; Sire from Sirs, iv. 1, p. 75; Luc. from Biond., 67, p. 77; except from expect, 88, p. 78; is from in, v. 18, p. 79; a from the, 35, p. 80; where from whether, 37, p. 80; masters from mistris, V. i. 5, p. 82; Masters from Mistrie, 42, p. 83; newer's ('8 = is) from newer, 124, p. 85; done from come, V. ii. 2, p. 85; thee from the, 37, p. 86; two from toe, 45, 62, p. 87.

5. Spellings altered. breathes for breath's, In., i. 29, p. 6; Christophero for Christopher (m. c.¹), ii. 71, p. 14; seemes for seeme's, 112, p. 15; tot for too't, I. i. 131, p. 21; ii. 191, p. 29; Baccare for Bacare, II. i. 73, p. 33; bonny for bony, 183, p. 36; ascance for a sconce, 240, p. 38; paile for pale, 349, p. 42; vntill for till (m. c.), III. i. 204, p. 53; to for too, IV. iii. 48, p. 69; low'st for lowest (m. c.), 50, p. 69; happened for hapned (m. c.), iv. 64, p. 77; hailed for haild (m. c.), V. i. 84, p. 84; too for

to, 124, p. 85.

¹ m.c. = metri causa,

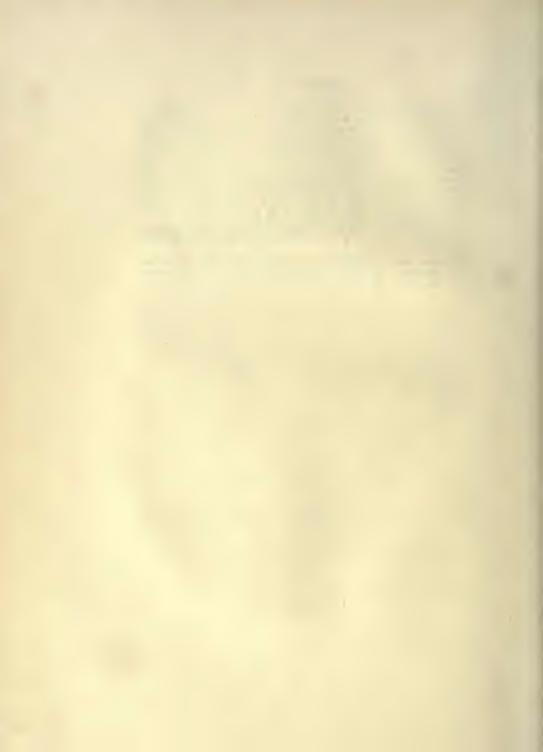
List of Corrections and Additions.

6. Slips set straight. Slies for Sies, In., ii. 17, p. 12; Messenger for Messenger, 125, p. 16; meete for meete, 128, p. 16; resolu'd for resould, I. i. 90, p. 20; 'twist for twist, il. 44, p. 25; Antonios for Butonios, 187, p. 29; streets for streers, 228, p. 30; for for sor, II. i. 34, p. 32; then for p. 44; meanes for meanes, ii. 17, p. 47; Gre. for Gra., 192, p. 53; Gru. for Gre., IV. i. 102, p. 58; proue for ptoue, ii. 10, p. 63; to for ro, 29, p. 64; countenance for countenance, ii. 65, p. 65; of for os, iii. 33, p. 68; for for fot, iv. 92, p. 78; brought for brough, V. i. 35, p. 83; doublet for doubtlet, 52, p. 83; Tranio for Tronio, 66, p. 83; Vin. for Ven., 69, p. 84; Talke for Talke, 77, p. 84; No for Mo, 120, p. 85; Tra. for Tri., ii. 52, p. 87; wee'le for weee'le, 185, p. 94.

7. Turnd letters. Coulor'd for Conlord, I. i. 198, p. 23; and for and, IV. iii. 15, p. 67; 186, p. 75; then for then, v. 17, p. 79; neuer for weee'le, 185, p. 94.

ueuer, V. i. 124, p. 85.

We have added 15 words, omitted 4, shifted 2, and corrected evident misprints. Corrections of foreign words are not included in this list.



THE DIVISION OF THE PARTS.1

[The References are to the first Speeches of the Characters in their Scenes.]

A Lord, i. 13, p. 6; ii. 12, p. 12. BARTHOLOMEW, his Page, who plays a Lady, ii. 98, p. 15, and Interlude, I.i. 241, p. 24, SINCKLO, a Player, i.85, p. o. 2. Player, i.79, p. 9. Players (all together), i.77, p.g. 7st Huntsman, i.rg, p. 6. Actors In the 2nd Huntsman, i.29, D. 6. INDUCTION 1st Seruant, ii.2, p. 11, and Interlude, Li. 238, p. 24 and INTERLUDE. 2nd Seruant, ii.3, p. 12. 3rd Seruant, ii.4, p. 12. A Seruingman, i.74, p. 8. A Messenger, ii.126, p. 16. CHRISTOPHERO SLY, a Begger, Lt, p. 5; iLt, p. 11, and Interlude, I.i.239, p. 24. MARRIAN HACKET, a Hostesse, i.2, p. 5. BAPTISTA MINOLA, a rich gentleman of Padua, I.i.48, p. 19; II.i.23, p. 32; III.ii.1, p. 46; IV.iv.38, p. 76; V.i.57, p. 83; ii.13, p. 86. VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa, IV.v.52, p. 81; V.i.10, p. 82; ii.42, p. 87. LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in loue with Bianca, I.i.t, p. 18; ii.151, p. 28; III.i.1, p. 44; ii.131, p. 51; IV.ii.6, p. 63; iv.67, p. 77; V.i.2, v. 82; ii.1, p. 85; as a Mute, II.i. p. 32. PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a sultor to Katherine, I.ii.z, p. 24; II.i.46, p. 33; III.ii.80, p. 49; IV.i.105, p. 58; iii.36, p. 68; v.z, p. 78; V.i.7, p. 82; ii.12, p. 86. GREMIO, α Pantelowne, I.i.55, p. 19; ii.141, p. 28; II.i.39, p. 32; III.ii.143, p. 51; V.i.6, p. 82; ii.39, p. 87. HORTENSIO, I.i.59, p. 19; ii.20, p. 25; III.i.4, p. 44; IV.ii.4, p. 63; iii.37, p. 69; v.11, p. 79; V.ii.15, p. 86; as a Mute, II.i. p. 32; III.ii. p. 46. Suitors to Bianca. TRANIO, I.i.25, p. 18; ii.215, p. 30; II.i.85, p. 34; III.ii.21, p. 47; IV.ii.1, p. 63; iv.1, p. 75; V.i.50, p. 83; ii.52, p. 87.

GRUMIO, I.ii.6, p. 24; III.ii.198, p. 53; IV.i.1, p. 55; iii.1, p. 67: as a Mute, V.ii. p. 85. Seruants to Petruchio. CURTIS, IV.i.11, p. 55.

BIONDELLO, I.i.213, p. 23; ii.218, p. 30; III.ii.30, p. 47; IV.ii. 59, p. 65; iv.13, p. 76; V.i.1, p. 82; ii.78, p. 89: as a Mute, II.i. p.32.

Seruants to

The heading of the Dramatis Personse in Preston's Cambyses, licensed 1569-70. Hazlitt's Dodsley, IV. 158.

The Division of the Parts.

NATHANIEL, IV.i.93, p. 58. PHILLIP, IV.i.94, p. 58. IOSEPH, IV.i.95, p. 58. NICHOLAS, IV.i.96, p. 58. PETER, IV.i.165, p. 61.

Other Seruants to Petruchic.

One called 1 Ser., IV.i.145, p. 60.

Seruants to Petruchio (all together), IV.i. 108, p. 59.

NICKE, a Messenger from Baptista, III.i.79, p. 46.

A Haberdasher, IV.iii.63, p. 70.

A Tailor, IV.iii.94, p. 71.

A Pedant, IV.ii.72, p. 65; (for Vincentic, iv.2, p. 75; V.i.14, p. 82:) as a Mute, V.ii. p. 85.

KATHERINE, the Shrew, I.i.57, p. 19; II.i.8, p. 31; III.ii.8, p. 47; IV.i.141, p. 60; iii.2, p. 67; v.3, p. 78; V.i.116, p. 85; ii.21, p. 86.

Daughters to Baptista,

BIANCA, I.i.80, p. 19; II.i.1, p. 31; III.i.16, p. 44; IV.ii.7, p. 63; V.i.90, p. 84; ii.40, p. 87.

Mutes. A Seruant to Baptista, II.i. p. 34. An Officer, V.i. p. 84. Attendants.

Scene of Induction. Wincot. Before an alchouse, Sc. i. pp. 5-11. The Lords house, Sc. ii. pp. 11-17; where also the Interlude of The Shrew, I.i. p. 24, is played.

Scene of The Shrew. Padua. Before Baptistas house, I.i. pp. 18—24; III.ii. pp. 46—55; IV.ii. pp. 63—66; iv. pp. 75—78: Baptistas house, II.i. pp. 31—44; III.i. pp. 44—46: Before Hortensios house, I.ii. pp. 24—31: Before Lucentios house, V.ii. pp. 82—94. Petruchios country house, IV.i. pp. 85—62; iii. pp. 67—75. Near Long-lane end, between Petruchios house and Padua, IV.v. pp. 78—81.

The Time of the Play does not exceed a fortnight. Five Days are represented on the Stage, which, with the three Interims, we thus arrange: Day 1, I.i,ii.; II.i. pp. 18—44. Interim of a few days. Day 2, Saturday, eve of the wedding, III.i. pp. 44—46. Day 3, Sunday, the wedding day, III.ii.; IV.i. pp. 46—62. Interim (?) of a few days. Day 4, IV.ii. pp. 63—66. Interim (?) of a day or two. Day 5, (1) the 2nd Sunday, IV.iii.yv.; V.i,ii. pp. 67—04.

Mr. P. A. Daniel's Time-Analysis (New Shakspere Society's Transactions, 1877-79, pp. 162-169) has been followed, but he preferred making the action = 6 Days, saigning a Day to Acts I. and II. respectively.

A COMPARATIVE LIST OF THE CHARACTERS IN THE TAMING OF THE SHREW AND THE PARALLEL PLAYS, THE TAMING OF A SHREW AND I SUPPOSITI 1

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

I SUPPOSITI.

ALPHONSO, a merchant | BAPTISTA, a gentleman of | DAMONIO, a merchant of of Athens. JEROBELL, Duke of Cestus.

Padua VINCENTIO, a gentleman of Pisa. LUCENTIO, son to VincenFILOGONO, a merchant of

AURELIUS, son to Jerobell. and suitor to Philema.

tio, and suitor to Bianca. PETRUCHIO, the ShrewCatania.
EROSTRATO, son to Filogono, and suitor to Poli-

FERANDO, the Shrew-POLYDORE, a student at Athens, friend to Aurelius, and suitor to Emelia.

tamer. HORTENSIO, a gentleman of Padua, friend to Petruchio, and suitor to Bianca. GREMIO, an 'old Panta-lowne,' suitor to Bianca, TRANIO, servant to Lucen-

CLEANDRO. an old Doctor of Laws, suitor to Polinesta. DULIPPO, servant to Erostio, whom he personates. trato, whom he personates.

VALERIA, servant to Aurelius, whom he personates.

BIONDELLO. Lucentio's

CAPRINO Erostrato's Boy.3

CATAPIE, Polydore's Boy.

Boy. GRUMIO, servant to Petru-SANDER, servant to Fe-Pedant who personates Vincentio.

A Sanese who personates. Filogono.

PHILOTUS, a merchant who personates Jerobell, A Tailor. A Haberdasher. Servingmen to Ferando.

A Haberdasher. Servingmen to Petruchio,

A Tailor.

KATHERINE the Shrew, Baptista's elder daughter. BIANCA, Baptista's young-POLINESTA. Damonio's er daughter. only daughter.

KATE, the Shrew, Alphonsus's eldest daughter. PHILEMA, Alphons Alphongus's second daughter. EMELIA, Alphonsus's third daughter.

A Widow who marries Hortensio.

SCENE: Ferrara.

SCENE: Athens, and Ferando's country-house. TIME4: Two days.

SCENE: Padua, and Petruchio's country-house. TIME: Five days.

TIME: One day.

² For an account of the plot-likeness of I Suppositi and The Taming of the Shrew see the Introduction to the latter play, above.

See The Shrew, III. i. 35, p. 45. 3 Ragazzo.

⁴ Represented on the stage.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or Sans-serif) is used for all emendations and insertions.

In the Notes 'F' means the First Folio of 1623. F2, the Second Folio of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspere's). 'Q' means the Quarto of The Taming of a Shrew, 1594.

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to

a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When -ed final is pronounst as a separate syllable, the e is printed ë.

Portions of the text considered by the editor not to be

Shakspere's are printed in smaller type, see p. ix.

[From the First Folio of 1623.]



THE Taming of the Shrew.

Inductio. Scoena Prima.

Before an Alehouse.

Enter Begger, (CHRISTOPHERO SLY,) and Hostes.1

Begger.

Le pheeze you, infaith! Host. A paire of stockes, you rogue! Beg. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no Rogues.

Looke in the Chronicles! we came in with Richard Conqueror: therefore, Paucas pallabris; let the world flide! Seffa!

Hoft. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Beg. No, not a deniere! 'Go by, S. Ieronimie!' goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee!

Host. I know my remedie; I must go fetch the Headborough.

ΓExit.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answere him by

Inductio.] Pope (Induction). Ac- | and Hostes, Christophero Sly. F. tus primus. F. Enter . . . Hostes.] Enter Begger

10. Exit.] Rowe.

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores Slie droonken.

Tapster. You whorson, droonken slaue! you [2, 7] had best be gone, and empty your droonken panch some where else, for in this house thou shalt not rest to night. [Exit Tapster.

Slie. Tilly vally! by Crisee, Tapster, Ile fese you [1] anon! Fil's the tother pot, and alls paid for! Looke you, I doo drinke it of mine owne Instegation. 'Omne bene.' Heere Ile [12, p. 6] lie a while.

¹ [The following extracts from The Taming of a Shrew, Q 1594, are edited in the same manner as is the F (the Shaksperian play), save that italic type in the Q marks its conformity with the F.]

Law! Ile not budge an inch, boy! Let him come, and kindly! [Failes afleepe.

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender wel my hounds,	13
(Brach Meriman, the poore Curre, is imbost,)	-3
And couple Clowder with the deepe-mouth'd brach!	-
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good	16
At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault?	
I would not loofe the dogge for twentie pound!	
1. Hunts. Why, Belman is as good as he, my Lord;	
He cried vpon it at the meerest losse,	20
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent:	
Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.	
Lord. Thou art a Foole! if Eccho were as fleete,	
I would esteeme him worth a dozen such.	2.4
But fup them well, and looke vnto them all!	
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.	
1. Huntf. I will, my Lord.	
Lord. [sees SLY.] What's heere? One dead, or drun	ke?
See, doth he breath?	28
2. Hun. He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd	vith
Ale.	
This were a bed but cold to fleep fo foundly.	

19, 27. 1. Hunts.] Hunts. F.

29. breathes] breath's F.

Why, Tapster, I say, fil's a fresh cushen heere! Heigh ho! heers good warme lying. [He fals asleepe.

Enter a Nobleman and his Men from hunting.

Lord. . . . Here breake we off our hunting for to night!
Cupple [15] vppe the hounds [13], and let vs hie vs home;
And bid the huntsman [13] see them [25] meated well [13, 25],
For they have all [25] deserv'd it well to daie!
[8ees SLIE.] But, soft! what sleepie fellow is this lies heere?
Or is he dead! See one what he dooth [28] lacke!
Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken sleepe: his head is

Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken sleepe: his head is too heavie for his bodie, and he hath drunke so [29, 30] much that he can go no furder.

In. i. 12-30.]

Lord. Oh monstrous beast! how like a swine he lyes! Grim death, how soule and loathsome is thine image! Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.	32
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,	
Wrap'd in fweet cloathes, Rings put vpon his fingers,	
A most delicious banquet by his bed,	36
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,	
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?	
1. Hun. Beleeue me, Lord, I thinke he cannot choose.	
2. H. It would feem strange vnto him when he wak'd.	40
Lord. Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.	
Then take him vp, and manage well the iest:	
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,	
And hang it round with all my vvanton pictures:	44
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,	
And burne fweet Wood to make the Lodging fweete:	
Procure me Musicke readie when he vvakes,	
To make a dulcet and a heauenly found;	48
And if he chance to speake, be readie straight,	
And (with a lowe fubmiffiue reuerence)	
Say, 'what is it your Honor vvil command?'	
Let one attend him with a filuer Bason,	52
Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers;	
Another beare the Ewer, the third a Diaper,	
And fay, 'wilt please your Lordship coole your hands?'	
Some one be readie with a coftly fuite,	56
And aske him what apparrel he will weare;	
Lord. Fie! how [31] the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke!	
[70 SLIE.] Ho, sirha, arise! What! so sound asleepe?	

Lord. Fie! how [31] the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke!

[70 SLIE.] Ho, sirha, arise! What! so sound asleepe?

The Go take him uppe [42; 69, p. 8], and beare him to my [42, 43] house;
(And beare him easilie, for feare he wake;)
And in my fairest chamber [43] make a fire;
And set a sumptuous banquet [36] on the boord;
And put my richest garmentes on his [35] backe;
Then set him, at the Table, in a chaire:
When that is doone, (against he shall awake [37, 40, 47; 70, p. 8],)
Let heauenlie musicke [47, 48] play about him still!
Go two of you awaie, and beare him hence!
And then He tell you what I have devised,
But see in any case you wake him not!

[Exeunt two with Slie.]

The fellows now, and see you take me so!

Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
And that his Ladie mournes at his disease:
Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke, 60
And, when he fayes he is , fay, that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle firs!
It wil be pastime passing excellent, 64
If it be husbanded with modestie.
1. Hunts. My Lord, I warrant you, we wil play our part,
As he shall thinke, by our true diligence,
He is no lesse then what we say he is.
Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes!
[Some bear out SLY. Sound trumpets.
¶ Sirrah! go fee what Trumpet 'tis that founds!
[Exit Seruingman,
Belike, fome Noble Gentleman that meanes 72
(Trauelling fome iourney) to repose him heere.

Re-enter Seruingman.

How now! who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honor, Players That offer service to your Lordship.

Lord. Bid them come neere!

70. Some . . .] Theobald.

For we will waite vpon this droonken man,
To see his countnance when he dooth awake [37, 40, 47, p. 7; 70],
And finde himselfe clothed in such attire,
With heavenlie musicke [47, 48, p. 7] sounding in his eares,
And such a banquet [36, p. 7] set before his eies;
(The fellow, sure, will thinke he is in heaven;)
But we will be about him when he wakes [37, 40, 47, p. 7; 70];
And see you call him 'Lord' [62], at everie word;
[70 WIL.] And offer thou him his horse, to ride abroad;
[70 TOM.] And thou his hawkes; and houndes [58] to hunt the deere:
And I will aske what sutes he meanes to weare [56, 57, p. 7]:
And, what so ere he saith, see you doo not laugh!
But still perswade him that he is a Lord [62].

Enter one, (a Seruingman.)

Mes. And it please your honour, your plaiers be com;
And doo attend your [74, 75] honours pleasure here.

Lord. The fittest time [87, p. 9] they could have chosen out,
Bid one or two of them come [76] hither straight! [Exit Servingman.
In. i. 58-75.]

	Enter Players.	
	Now, fellowes, you are welcome!	76
	Players. We thanke your Honor!	
	Lord. Do you intend to flay with me to night?	
	2. Player. So please your Lordshippe to accept our dutie.	
	Lord. With all my heart! This fellow I remember,	80
S	ince once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne:	
9	Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman fo well:	
I	haue forgot your name; but, fure, that part	
V	Vas aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.	84
	Sincklo.1 I thinke 'twas Soto that your honor meanes.	
	Lord. 'Tis verie true: thou didft it excellent.	
	Well, you are come to me in happie time;	
	The rather for I have some sport in hand,	88
	Vherein your cunning can affift me much.	
	There is a Lord will heare you play to night:	
	But I am doubtfull of your modesties;	
	east, ouer-eying of his odde behauiour,	92
(For yet his honor neuer heard a play,)	
-		_

Enter Players.] F (after l. 75).

Sinns. See the Platt of the latter piece in the Var. Sh. 1821, iii. 348.

His name occurs in the Entries of Marston's Malcontent, 1604, and in the 2nd Part of The Seven Deadlie

Hen. IV., V. iv. (Q. 1600), and Hen. VI., III. i.

Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie, For they shall play [90] to him, when he awakes.

[37, 40, 47, p. 7; 70, p. 8

Enter SANDER and TOM, two of the Players, with packs at their backs; and a Boy.

¶ Now, sirs, what store of plaies haue you?

Sander. Marrie, my Lord, you maie haue a Tragicall, or a Comoditie

[134, p. 17], or what you will.

TOM, the other Player. 'A Comedie,' thou shouldst say! souns, thout

shame vs all!

Lord. And whats the name of your Comedie? San. Marrie, my lorde, tis calde, 'The Taming of a Shrew': tis a good lesson for vs, my lord; for vs that are maried men.

Lord. 'The Taming of a Shrew'! thats excellent [86], sure:

Goe see that you make you readie straight; For you must play before a lord to night [90]:

You breake into fome merrie passion,	
And so offend him; for I tell you, firs,	
If you should smile, he growes impatient.	96
A Plai. Feare not, my Lord! we can contain our fel	ues.
Were he the veriest anticke in the world.	
Lord. [to a Seruant] Go, firra! take them to the Bu	tterie.
And give them friendly welcome, euerie one:	100
Let them want nothing that my house affoords!	
Exit one with the P	lavers.
¶ Sirra! go you to Bartholmew, my Page,	, 0.00
And fee him dreft in all fuites like a Ladie:	
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber;	104
And call him 'Madam,' do him óbeisance!	104
Tell him from me, (as he will win my loue,)	
He beare himselfe with honourable action,	
Such as he hath observ'd in noble Ladies	108
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished:	100
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do,	
With foft lowe tongue, and lowly curtefie,	
And fay: 'What is't your Honor will command,	112
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble Wife,	112
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue?	
And then (with kinde embracements, tempting kiffes,	
And with declining head into his bosome)	116
Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-ioyed	110
To fee her noble Lord reftor d to health,	
Who, for this feuen yeares, hath esteemed him	
No better then a poore and loathfome begger:	120
And if the boy haue not a womans guift,	120
To raine a shower of commanded teares,	
An Onion wil do well for fuch a shift;	
Which (in a Nankin being close conveild)	
Which (in a Napkin being close conuei'd) Shall, in despight, enforce a waterie eie.	124
onan, in despigne, emorce a waterie ele.	

Say, you are his men, and I, your fellow!
Hee's something foolish; but, what so ere he saies,
See that you be not dasht out of countenance!
[To the Boy.] And, sirhal go you, make you readie straight,
And dresse your selfe like some louelie ladie [102, 103],
And, when I call, see that you come to me;
For I will say to him, thou art his wife [113]:
Dallie with him, and hug him in thine armes;
In. i. 94-125.]

See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst! Anon Ile giue thee more instructions. [Exit a Serungman. ¶I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace, 128 Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman: I long to heare him call the drunkard 'husband'; And how my men will stay themselves from laughter, When they do homage to this simple peafant! 132 Ile in to counsell them: haply, my presence May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene, Which otherwise would grow into extreames. [Exeunt.

Inductio. Scena Secunda.

A Bedchamber in the Lords House.

Enter aloft, the Drunkard, with Attendants; Some with Apparel, others with Bason, and Ewer, & other appurtenances;

Beg. For Gods fake, a pot of small Ale! 1. Ser. Wilt please your Lordship drink a cup of sacke?

II. Capell. A... House.] Theobald. 2. Lordship] Q. Lord F. Inductio . . .] Scene II. Capell.

And, if he desire to goe to bed with thee. Then faine some scuse, and say, thou wilt anon. Be gone! I say; and see thou doost it well!

little vinegre to make our Diuell rore.

Boy. Feare not, my Lord! [97, p. 10] Ile dandell him well enough; And make him thinke I loue him mightilie. [Ex. Boy.

Lord. Now, sirs, go you, and make you ready too!

For you must play [90, p. 9] as soone as he dooth wake [37, 40, 47, p. 7; 70, p. 8].

San. [to TOM the Player.] O braue! Sirha Tom, we must play before a foolish Lord: come! let's go make vs ready; go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes, and Ile speake for the properties! [Exit TOM. My Lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a propertie, and a

Lord. Very well. [To Ser.] Sirha! see that they want nothing! [99, 101, p. 10] [Exeunt omnes.

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it; and two other with Slie asleepe in a chaire, and richlie apparelled; & the Musick plaieng.

One. So! Sirha, now go call my Lord, and tel him that all things is ready as he wild it ! II

2. Ser. Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conserues? 3. Ser. What raiment wil your honor weare to day?

Beg. I am Christophero Sly; call not mee 'Honour' nor 'Lordship'! I ne're drank sacke in my life; and if you give me any Conserues, giue me conserues of Reefe! nere ask me what raiment Ile weare; for I have no more doublets then backes, no more stockings then legges, nor no more shooes then feet; nay, fometime, more feete then shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the ouer-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humor in your Honor!

Oh, that a mightie man of fuch discent, Of fuch possessions, and so high esteeme, Should be infused with so foule a spirit!

Beg. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Slie, old Slies sonne of Burton-heath; by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a Beareheard, and now, by present profession, a Tinker? Aske [10] Marrian Hacket, the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee know me not: if the fay I am not xiiii.d. on the fcore for theere Ale, fcore me vp for the lyingst knaue in Christen dome! What! I am not bestraught! here's . . . Looks about him.

3. Man. Oh, this it is that makes your Ladie mourne! 24 2. Man. Oh, this is it that makes your feruants droop! Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your house,

17. Slies] Q. Sies F.

Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord, and then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie. Exit.

Enter the Lord and his Men.

Lord. How now! What, is all thinges readie?

One. I, my Lord.

Lord. Then sound the musick [33, p. 13], and Ile wake him straight; [To his Men.] And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge!
[To SLIE.] My Lord! My Lord! ¶ He sleepes soundlie. ¶ My Lord!

Slie. Tapster, gi's a little ale / [1, p. 11] Heigh ho! Lord. Heers wine, my Lord, the purest of the grape. Slie. For which 'Lord'?

Lord. For your honour [3] my Lord.
Slie. Who? 1? Am I a Lord? [66, p. 14] Iesus! what fine apparell haue I got!

Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare;

And if it please you, I will fetch them straight.

In. ii. 3-26.]

As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie.	
Oh, Noble Lord! bethinke thee of thy birth,	28
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,	
And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreames!	
Looke how thy feruants do attend on thee,	
Each in his office readie at thy becke!	32
Wilt thou have Musicke? Harke! Apollo plaies, [Mu	
And twentie caged Nightingales do fing:	,
Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,	
Softer and fweeter then the luftfull bed	36
On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis.	30
Say thou wilt walke; we wil beftrow the ground:	
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shal be trap'd,	
Their harnesse studded all with Gold and Pearle.	40
Dost thou loue hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare	40
Aboue the morning Larke: Or wilt thou hunt?	
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them,	
And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.	44
1. Man. Say thou wilt course; thy gray-hounds are as i	wift
As breathëd Stags, I, fleeter then the Roe.	
2. M. Dost thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee strait	
Adonis, painted by a running brooke,	48
And Citherea all in fedges hid,	70
Which feeme to moue and wanton with her breath.	
Euen as the wauing fedges play with winde.	
Lord. Wee'l shew thee Io, as she was a Maid;	52
And how the was beguiled and furpriz'd,	5
As liuelie painted as the deede was done.	
Wil. And if your honour please to <i>ride</i> [39] abroad, Ile fetch you lustie steedes, more swift of pace	
Then wingëd Pegasus in all his pride;	
That ran so swiftlie ouer the Persian plaines.	
Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,	
Your hounds [42, 43] stands readie cuppeld at the doore; Who, in running, will oretake the Row,	
And make the long breathde [46] Tygre broken winded.	
Slie. By the masse! I thinke I am a Lord indeed [70, p.	14].

Whats thy name?

Lord. Simon, and it please your honour.

Slie. 'Simon'; thats as much to say, Si-mi-on, or Simon. Put foorth thy hand, and fill the pot! Giue me thy hand, Sim! Am I a lord indeed? [66, 70, p. 14] [In. ii. 27-54.

3. Man. Or Daphne, roming through a thornie wood, Scratching her legs, that one that sweare she bleeds; And at that fight shal sad Apollo weepe,	56
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.	
Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord: Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull	60
Then any woman in this waining age.	-
1. Man. And, til the teares that she hath shed for thee,	
Like enuious flouds ore-run her louely face,	
She was the fairest creature in the world;	64
And yet shee is inferiour to none.	
Beg. [aside] Am I a Lord? and haue I fuch a Ladie?	
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?	
I do not fleepe: I fee, I heare, I fpeake;	68
I fmel fweet fauours, and I feele foft things:	
Vpon my life, I am a Lord indeede;	
And not a Tinker, nor Christophero Slie!	
[Aloud] Well, bring our Ladie hither to our fight;	72
And, once againe, a pot o'th smallest Ale!	
2. Man. Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your han	ds ?
Oh, how we ioy to fee your wit reftor'd!	
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!	76
These fifteene yeeres you have bin in a dreame;	
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.	
Beg. These fifteene yeeres! by my fay, a goodly nap!	0-
But did I neuer speake of all that time?	80
1. Man. Oh, yes, my Lord; but verie idle words:	
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,	
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore;	84
And raile vpon the Hostesse of the house, And say, you would present her at the Leete,	04
Because she brought Stone-Iugs, and no seal'd quarts:	
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.	
Beg. I, the womans maide of the house.	88
Deg. 1, the womans made of the house.	00

71. Christophero] F2. Christopher F.

Lord. I, my gratious Lord; and your louelie Ladie
Long time hath moorned [24, p. 12] for your absence heere.
And now, with ioy, behold where she dooth come,
To gratulate your honours safe returne!
In. ii. 55-88.]

3. Man. Why, fir, you know no house, nor no such ma	iid,
Nor no fuch men as you haue reckon'd vp,	
As Stephen Slie, and old Iohn Naps of Greece,	
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell;	92
And twentie more such names and men as these,	
Which neuer were, nor no man euer faw.	
Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!	
All. Amen!	96
Beg. I thanke thee! thou shalt not loose by it.	
·	
Enter BARTHOLOMEW the Page as a Lady, with Attende	ints.
Lady. How fares my noble Lord?	
Beg. Marrie, I fare well; for heere is cheere enough.	
Where is my wife?	100
La. Heere, noble Lord! what is thy will with her?	100
Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me 'husband'	,
My men should call me 'Lord': I am your good-man.	
La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband;	104
I am your wife in all obedience.	104
Beg. I know it well. [To LORD.] What must I call h	er)
Lord. Madam.	
Beg. Alce 'Madam', or Ione 'Madam'?	108
Lord. 'Madam', and nothing else: so Lords cal Ladie	
Beg. Madam wife, they fay that I have dream'd,	
And flept aboue fome fifteene yeare or more.	
Lady. I, and the time feemes thirty vnto me,	112
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed!	112
Zenis dir this time abandon a nom your bed.	
OF Futur Attendants Canall tended Canall) F (after 06)	

Enter Lady with Attendants (at- 112. seemes] seeme's F.

Enter the Boy in Womans attire.

Slie. Is this she?
Lord. I, my Lord.
Slie. Masse! tis a prettie wench! Whats her [106] name?
Boy. Oh that my louelie Lord [98, 104] would once vouchsafe
To looke on me, and leaue these frantike fits!

Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,

To paint in words what ile performe in deedes, I know your honour then would pittie me!

Beg. 'Tis much. ¶ Seruants, leave me and her alone!	
¶ Madam, vndresse you, and come now to bed!	
	16
To pardon me yet for a night or two;	
Or, if not so, vntill the Sun be set!	
For your Phyfitians haue expressely charg'd,	
(m) (1) (h) (h) (h) (h) (h) (h) (h) (h) (h) (h	20
That I should yet absent me from your bed:	
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.	
Beg. I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But	I
would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I wil therefo	
	25
Enter a Messenger.	
Mef. Your Honors Players, hearing your amendment,	
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie;	0
and the first management and the first terms of the	28
Seeing too much fadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,	
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie:	
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,	
	32
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.	
	-
125 Messenger.] Messenger. F. 128. meete] meete F.	
	_
Slie. Harke you, mistresse, wil you eat a peece of bread? Com	e
sit downe on my knee! ¶ Sim! Drinke to hir, Sim! for she and will go to bed [115] anon.	
Lord. May it please you, your honors plaiers be come to offer you	oui
honour a plaie [126, 127].	
Slie. 'A plaie,' Sim? O braue! be they my plaiers?	
Lord. I, my Lord. Slie. Is there not a foole in the plaie?	

Lord. Yes, my Lord.

Slie. When wil they plaie, Sim?

Lord. Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.

Boy. My Lord, Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

Slie. Doo, but looke that you come againe!

Boy. I warrant you, my Lord, I wil not leaue you thus. [Exit Boy. Slie. Come, Sim! where be the plaiers? Sim, stand by me, and weele flout the plaiers out of their cotes.

Lord. Ile cal them, my Lord. Thoe! where are you there? [Sound Trumpets.

Beg. Marrie, I will let them play it. Is not a Comontie Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?

Lady. No, my good Lord; it is more pleafing ftuffe. 136 Beg. What, houshold ftuffe?

Lady. It is a kinde of history.

Beg. Well, we'l fee't. Come, Madam wife! fit by my fide, and let the world flip! we shall nere be yonger. 140
[They sit down.

138. a kinde] a a kinde F. 140. They sit down.] Malone.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima. Padua. Before Baptistas House.

Flourish. Enter LUCENTIO, and his man TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, (fince for the great defire I had	1
To see faire Padua, nurserie of Arts,	
I am arriu'd for fruitfull Lumbardie,	
The pleasant garden of great Italy;	- 4
And, by my fathers loue and leaue, am arm'd	
With his good will, and thy good companie,)	
My trustie seruant, well approu'd in all,	
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute	8
A course of Learning, and ingenious Studies.	
Pifa, renowned for graue Citizens,	
Gaue me my being, and my father first,	
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:	12
Vincentio's come 1 of the Bentiuolij;	
Vincentio's fonne, brought vp in Florence,	
It shall become, to serue all hopes conceiu'd,	
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:	16
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I studie	
Vertue; and that part of Philosophie,	
Will I applie, that treats of happinesse,	
By vertue specially to be atchieu'd,	20
Tell me thy minde! for I have Pifa left,	
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves	
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,	
And with facietie feekes to quench his thirst!	. 24
Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine!	
I am, in all, affected as your felfe;	
Glad that you thus continue your resolue,	
To fucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie,	18
Onely, (good mafter,) while we do admire	
This vertue, and this morall discipline,	
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes, I pray;	
act of the decidency and the there's a pany,	

Padua.] Pope.

Tranio] F3. Triano F.

1 'Vincentio's come' = Vincentio is come, is derived.

14. brought] Q. brough F.

25. Mi perdonate] Steevens. Me Pardonato F.

Or fo deuote to Ariftotles checkes, As Ouid be an out-cast quite abiur'd! Balke Lodgicke with acquaintaince that you haue, And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke;	32
Musicke and Poesie, vse, to quicken you; The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes, Fall to them, as you finde your stomacke serues you! No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane:	36
In briefe, fir, studie what you most affect! Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou aduise! If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,	40
We could at once put vs in readinesse, And take a Lodging, fit to entertaine Such friends (as time) in Padua shall beget. But stay a while! what companie is this? Tra. Master, some shew, to welcome vs to Towne.	44
Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & B Gremio, a Pantelowne, and Hortentio, suitors to E Lucentio and Tranio fland by.	
Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther! For how I firmly am resolu'd, you know; That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter, Before I haue a husband for the elder:	48
If either of you both loue Katherina, Because I know you well, and loue you well, Leaue shall you have to court her at your pleasure. Gre. To cart her, rather! She's too rough for mee.	52
[70 HOR.] There, there, Hortensio, will you any Wise? Kate. [to BAP.] I pray you, sir, is it your will To make a stale of me amongst these mates?	56
Hor. 'Mates,' maid! how meane you that? no mates for Vnleffe you were of gentler, milder mould. Kate. I'faith, fir, you shall neuer neede to feare:	you, 60
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart; But, if it were, doubt not, her care should be, To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,	
And paint your face, and vse you like a foole! Hor. From all fuch diuels, good Lord deliuer vs!	65
Gre. And me too, good Lord! (Tra. [aside to LUO.] Husht, master! here's some good That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward. Lucen. [aside to TRA.] But, in the others silence, do I see	pastime 69
47 suitors a Suitor F2 sister F EE tool to F	

Maids milde behauiour and sobrietie.	71
Peace, Tranio!	
Tra. Well said, Master; mum! and gaze your fill!) Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soone make good	
What I haue faid, ¶ Bianca, get you in!	
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;	76
For I will loue thee nere the leffe, my girle.	
Kate, A pretty peate! it is best	
Put finger in the eye, and she knew why.	0-
Bian. Sifter, content you in my discontent! ¶ Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:	80
My bookes and instruments shall be my companie;	
On them to looke, and practife by my felfe.	
(Luc. Harke, Tranio! thou maist heare Minerua speak!)	84
Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?	
Sorrie am I that our good will effects	
Bianca's greefe.	
Gre. Why will you mew her vp	
(Signior Baptista) for this fiend of hell,	88
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue? Bap. Gentlemen, content ye! I am refolu'd:	
	BIANCA,
And, for I know she taketh most delight,	92
In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry,	-
Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,	
Fit to instruct her youth. ¶ If you, Hortensio,	
(Or, fignior Gremio, you,) know any fuch,	96
Preferre them hither! for, to cunning men,	
I will be very kinde, and liberall To mine owne children, in good bringing vp:	
And so farewell! ¶ Katherina, you may stay;	100
For I have more to commune with Bianca,	[Exit.
Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? Wh	at ! shall
I be appointed houres; as though (belike) I knew not what	to take,
	xit. 104
Gre. You may go to the diuels dam! your guifts are so good	I, heere's
none will holde you! ¶ Their loue is not so great, Horte we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairely out: 'On	
dough' on both fides. Farewell! yet, for the loue I beare	
Bianca, if I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach	
wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.	110
Hor. So will I, figniour Gremio: but a word, I pray!	Though
the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd parle, know no	w, vpon

^{90.} resolu'd] Q. 1esould F. 91. Exit Bianca.] Theobald. I. i. 71-112.] 20

aduice, it toucheth vs both, that we may yet againe haue accesse to
our faire Mistris, and be happie riuals in Bianca's loue, to labour and
effect one thing specially.
Gre. What's that, I pray?
Hor. Marrie, fir, to get a husband for her Sister
Gre. 'A husband'! a diuell!
Hor. I fay, a husband.
Gre. I say, a diuell! Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father
be verie rich, any man is so verie a soole to be married to hell?
Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it passe your patience & mine to
endure her lowd alarums, why, man, there bee good fellowes in the
world (and a man could light on them) would take her with all
faults, and mony enough.
Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowrie with this
condition: To be whipt at the Hie Croffe euerie morning,
Hor. Faith, (as you fay,) there's small choice in rotten apples. But,
come! fince this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be so farre forth
friendly maintain'd, till, by helping Baptistas eldest daughter to a
husband, wee fet his yongest free for a husband, and then have to't
afresh! (Sweet Bianca! 'Happy man be his dole!' Hee that
runnes fastest, gets the Ring.) How say you, signior Gremio? 133 Grem. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in
Grem. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in
Padua to begin his woing, that would thoroughly woe 2 her, wed
her, and bed her, and ridde the house of her! Come on!
[Exeunt ambo, Manent TRANIO and LUCENTIO.
Tra. I pray, fir, tel me, is it possible That loue should of a sodaine take such hold?
Luc. Oh Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it possible or likely;
But fee, while idely I flood looking on,
I found the effect of 'Loue in idlenesse'!
And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee,
(That art to me as fecret, and as deere,
As Anna to the Queene of Carthage was,) 145
Tranio, I burne, I pine! I perish, Tranio,
If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrle.
Counsaile me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Affift me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt!
Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart;
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but fo
'Redime te captum quam queas minimo!'
131. $to't$] too t F. $\frac{2}{1000}$ wooe.
1 woing = wooing. 153. captum] F2. captam F.
2I [I. i. 113-153.
2

Luc, Gramercies, Lad! Go forward! this contents:	
The rest wil comfort, for thy counsel's sound,	
Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide,	
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all,	157
Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweet beautie in her face,	
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,	
That made great love to humble him to her hand,	
When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond!	161
Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not, how hir fifter	
Began to scold; and raise vp such a storme,	
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din?	-
Luc. Tranio, I saw her corrall lips to moue,	165
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre:	
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her!	
Tra. [aside] Nay, then, 'tis time to stirre him from his trance.	
I pray, awake, fir! if you loue the Maide,	169
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeue her! Thus it stands:	
Her elder fifter is so curst and shrew'd,	
That, til the Father rid his hands of her,	
Master, your Loue must live a maide at home;	173
And therefore has he closely meu'd her vp,	
Because she will not be annoy'd with suters.	
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruell Father's he!	
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke some care	177
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her?	
Tra. I, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.	
Luc. I haue it, Tranio!	
Tra, Master, for my hand!	
Both our inventions meet and iumpe in one!	181
Luc. Tell me thine first!	
Tra. You will be schoole-master,	
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:	
That's your deuice.	
Luc. It is: May it be done?	
Tra. Not possible; for who shall beare your part,	185
And be in Padua heere, Vincentio's sonne;	
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,	
Visit his Countrimen, and banquet them?	
Luc. Basta! content thee; for I have it full!	189
We have not yet bin seene in any house;	
Nor can we be diftinguish'd by our faces,	
For man or master; then it followes thus;	
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my sted,	193
	-

Keepe house, and port, and seruants, as I should:	
I will fome other be; fome Florentine,	
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pifa.	
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so! Tranio, at once	197
Vncase thee; take my Coulor'd hat and cloake!	
When Biondello comes, he waites on thee;	
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.	
Tra. So had you neede. [They exchange Habits. In breefe, Sir, fith it your pleasure is,	201
And I am tyed to be obedient,—	
For so your father charg'd me at our parting:	
Be feruiceable to my fonne!' (quoth he,)	205
Although, I thinke, 'twas in another fence,—	203
I am content to bee Lucentio,	
Because so well I love Lucentio.	208
Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loues;	
And let me be a slaue, t'atchieue that maide,	
Whose sodaine fight hath thral'd my wounded eye!	
Heere comes the rogue!	
Enter BIONDELLO.	
¶ Sirra, where have you bin?	212
Bion. 'Where haue I beene'! Nay, how now! where are y Maister, ha's my fellow Tranio stolne your cloathes?	you r
Or you stolne his? or both? Pray, what's the newes? Luc. Sirra, come hither! 'tis no time to iest,	216
And therefore frame your manners to the time!	210
Your fellow Tranio heere, to faue my life,	
Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,	
And I, for my escape, have put on his;	220
For, in a quarrell, fince I came a shore,	
I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:	
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes,	
While I make way from hence to faue my life:	224
You vnderstand me?	
Bion. I, fir! [Aside] Ne're a whit!	
Luc. And not a iot of 'Tranio' in your mouth!	
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.	
Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!	228
Tra. So could I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after,	
That Lucentio indeede had Baptistas yongest daughter.	
But, firra! not for my sake, but your masters, I aduise	230

198. Coulor'd] Conlord F.
201. They exchange Habits.] Theobald.
214 is prose.

You vie your manners discreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;	232
But, in all places else, your master Lucentio.	234
Luc. Tranio, let's go! one thing more rests, that thy selfe exe	cute,
to make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth	
reasons are both good and waighty. [Exeunt.	237
(The Presenters aboue speakes.)	
1. Man. My Lord, you nod; you do not minde the pl	ay.
Beg. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I! A good matter, furel	
Comes there any more of it?	240
Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun. Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame La	die .
would 'twere done! [They fit and marke.	242
would tweet dolle.	-43
Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.	
Padua. Before Hortensios House.	
Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.	
Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leaue,	1
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,	
My best beloued and approued friend,	
Horren Grand Land Lands I Con L	4
¶ Heere, firra Grumio! knocke, I fay! Gru. 'Knocke,' fir! whom should I knocke? Is there	anv
man ha's rebus'd your worship?	any
Petr. Villaine! I fay, knocke me heere foundly!	8
Gru. 'Knocke you heere,' fir! Why, fir, what am I	fir,
that I should 'knocke you heere,' fir?	
Pet. Villaine! I say, knocke me at this gate!	
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate!	12
Gru. My Master is growne quarrelfome: I should know you first,	ocke
And then I know after, who comes by the worst.	14
Petr. Will it not be?	
'Faith, firrah! and you'l not knocke, Ile ring it;	
Ile trie how you can Sol, Fa, and fing it!	17
[He rings him by the eares. GRU. kn	ee/8.
Gru. Helpe, masters, helpe! my master is mad!	
Petr. Now, knocke when I bid you! firrah villaine!	19
234. your] F2. you F. 18. masters] Theobald. mistris	F.
I. i. 232-243; ii. 1-19.] 24	

Enter HORTENSIO

Hor. How now! what's the matter?—My olde friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona? Petr. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray? Con tutto il core ben trouato, may I say. Hor. Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signior mio Petruchio!
¶ Rise, Grumio, rise! we will compound this quarrel. 26
Gru. [rising] Nay, 'tis no matter, fir, what he 'leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leave his
feruice, (looke you, fir,) He bid me 'knocke him, & rap
him foundly, fir: well, was it fit for a feruant to vse his
master so, being, perhaps, (for ought I see,) 'two and thirty,
a peepe out'?
Whom, would to God, I had well knockt at first, Then had not <i>Grumio</i> come by the worst!
Petr. A fencelesse villaine! ¶ Good Hortensio,
I bad the rafcall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it! 37
Gru. Knocke at the gate! O heauens! Spake you not these words plaine? 'Sirra! Knocke me heere, rappe me
heere, knocke me well! and 'knocke me foundly'? And
come you now with, 'knocking at the gate'?
Petr. Sirra, be gone! or talke not, I aduise you!
Hor. Petruchio, patience! I am Grumio's pledge: Why, this' a heavie chance 'twixt him and you, 44
Your ancient, trustie, pleasant servant Grumo!
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to Padua heere, from old Verona? Petr. Such wind as scatters yongmen through ye world, 48
To feeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where fmall experience growes. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceast;
And I have thrust my selfe into this maze, Happily ¹ to wive and thrive, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,

^{23.} Con . . . trouato] Theobald. Contutti le core bene trobatto F. bene venuto multo honorata F.

^{23.} Con...trouato] Theobald.
ontutti le core bene trobatto F.
24. ben...honorato] Theobald.
ene venuto multo honorata F.

27. 'leges] Capell. leges F.
44. this'] Dyce (S. Walker conj.).
this F.—'twixt twixr F.

1 Happily=haply.

And fo am come abroad to see the world. Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,	56
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-fauour'd wife?	
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell:	
And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,	60
And verie rich; but th'art too much my friend,	-
And Ile not wish thee to her.	
Petr. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as wee,	
Few words fuffice; and, therefore, if thou know	64
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,	7
(As wealth is burthen of my woing 1 dance,)	
Be she as foule as was Florentius Loue,	
As old as Sibell, and as curft and fhrow'd	68
As Socrates Zentippe, or a worse:	70
She moues me not, or not remoues, at least,	
Affections edge in me, were she as rough	
As are the swelling Adriaticke seas:	72
I come to wine it wealthily in Padua;	12
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.	74
Gru. Nay, looke you, fir, hee tels you flatly what	1113
mind is: why, giue him Gold enough, and marrie him	
to a Puppet or an Aglet babie; or an old trot with ne's	
tooth in her head, though the haue as manie difeases as t	
and fiftie horses. Why, nothing comes amisse, so mo	-
comes withall.	80
Hor. Petruchio, fince we are stept thus farre in,	
I will continue that I broach'd in iest, I can, Petruchio, helpe thee to a wife	
With wealth enough, and yong, and beautious,	84
Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman;	04
Her onely fault (and that is faults enough)	
Is, that the is intollerable curft,	
And shrow'd, and froward; so beyond all measure,	88
That, were my state farre worser then it is,	
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold,	
Petr. Hortensio, peace! thou knowst not golds effect:	
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough;	92
For I will boord her, though she chide as loud As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke!	
Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,	
An affable and courteous Gentleman:	96
	7

Her name is Katherina Minola,	
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.	
Petr. I know her father, though I know not her;	
And he knew my deceafed father well.	100
I wil not sleepe, Hortensio, til I see her;	
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,	
To give you ouer at this first encounter,	
Vnlesse you wil accompanie me thither.	104
Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humor I	
A my word, and she knew him as wel as I do, she w	ould
thinke fcolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee	marr
perhaps cell him helfe a foore (V never for for When	TO
perhaps, call him halfe a score 'Knaues, or so: Why,	[108
that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his	rope
trickes. Ile tell you what, fir, and the stand him but a l	ittle,
he wil throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir wit	h it,
that shee shal have no more eies to see withall then a	Cat!
You know him not, fir. [PETRUCHIO turns to go.	II2
Hor. Tarrie, Petruchio! I must go with thee;	3
For in Baptistas keepe my treasure is:	
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,	
His yongest daughter, beautiful Bianca;	117
And her with-holds from me, and other more	
Sutors to her, and riuals in my Loue;	
Supposing it a thing impossible,	
(For those defects I have before rehearst,)	121
That euer Katherina wil be woo'd;	
Therefore this order hath Baptista tane,	
That none shal have accesse vnto Bianca,	
Til Katherine the Curst haue got a husband.	125
Gru. 'Katherine the Curst'!	
A title for a maide, of all titles, the worst!	127
Hor. Now shal my friend Petruchio do me grace;	
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,	
To old Baptista, as a schoole-master	
Well seene in Musicke, to instruct Bianca;	131
That so I may, by this deuice, at least	
Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her,	
And, vnsuspected, court her by her selfe.	
Gru. Heere's no knauerie! See, to beguile the olde-folkes,	how
the young folkes lay their heads together!	136

118. with-holds from me, and with-holds from me. Other more other more] Capell (Thirlby conj.). F.

Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO difguised.	
Master, master, looke about you! Who goes there, h	
Hor. Peace, Grumio ! it is the rivall of my Loue.	178
¶ Petruchio, stand by a while!	130
Grumio. A proper stripling, and an amorous!	[Then noting
Gremio. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.	They retire.
Hearke you, fir! Ile haue them verie fairely bound:	141
All bookes of Loue: fee that at any hand;	
And see you reade no other Lectures to her!	
(You vnderstand me : Ouer and beside	
Signior Baptistas liberalitie,	145
Ile mend it with a Largesse.) Take your paper too,	
And let me haue them verie wel perfum'd!	
For the is sweeter then perfume it selfe,	149
To whom they go to. What wil you reade to her?	
Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,	
As for my patron, (ftand you fo affur'd!)	
As firmely as your felfe were still in place:	153
Yea, and, perhaps, with more fuccessefull words	
Then you, vnlesse you were a scholler, sir.	
Gre. Oh, this learning, what a thing it is!	200
(Gru. Oh, this Woodcocke, what an Asse it is!	1 57
Petru. Peace, firra!	Cimic
Hor. Grumio, mum!) [Coming forward] ¶ God faue	you, Signion
Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio!	
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.	161
A bout a Chaplematter for the fire Pierra	
About a schoolemaster for the faire Bianca;	
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well	
On this yong man, for learning and behauiour,	165
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie	
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye!	
Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a Gentleman,	
Hath promist me to helpe one to another,	169
A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris;	
So shal I no whit be behinde in dutie	
To faire Bianca, so beloued of me.	
Gre. 'Beloued of me'; and that my deeds shal pro	ue. 173
Gru. And that his bags shal proue.	
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our loue:	
Listen to me! and if you speake me faire,	

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disgused (disguised F2) F (after 1. 15). I. ii. 137-176.] 28

Ile tel you newes indifferent good i	for either.	177
Heere is a Gentleman, whom by ch		
(Vpon agreement from vs to his lil		
Will vndertake to woo curft Kathe		180
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dow	rie pleafe.	
Gre. So faid, fo done, is well.	C 1. 3	
Hortensio, have you told him all he		
Petr. I know she is an irkesome,		184
If that be all, Masters, I heare no Gre. No, sayst me so, friend?		
Petr. Borne in Verona, old Anton		
My father dead, my fortune liues f		
And I do hope good dayes, and lo		189
Gre. Oh fir, fuch a life, with fue		
But, if you have a stomacke, to't a		
You shal have me assisting you in		
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?		
Petr.	Will I liue?	193
Gru. 'Wil' he 'woo' her? I	, or Ile hang her.	
Petr. Why came I hither, b	ut to that intent?	
Thinke you, a little dinne can	daunt mine eares?	
Haue I not in my time heard	Lions rore?	197
Haue I not heard the sea, puft	vp with windes,	
Rage like an angry Boare, chair		
Haue I not heard great Ordnar	nce in the field.	
And heavens Artillerie thunder		201
Haue I not in a pitchëd battle		201
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds,	and trumnets clane	me ?
And do you tell me of a wome	and trampets chang	uc.
That gives not halfe fo great a		205
As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farm		205
Tush, tush! feare boyes with h	For he forms	
Gru.	For he feares:	none.
Grem. Hortensio, hearke!		400
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd My minde prefumes, for his owne		209
Hor. I promift we would be Co		
And beare his charge of wooing,		
Gremio. And so we wil, prouid	ed that he win her.	
Gru. I would I were as fure of	a good dinner!	214
187. Antonios] Rowe. Butonios		oald (Thirlby
F. 424 F. 422 F	conj.). yours F.	
191. to't] F4. too't F.		r 44 vmm a
	29	l. ii. 177-214.

Enter TRANIO braue, and BIONDELLO.	
Tra. Gentlemen, God saue you! If I may be bold,	
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way	
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?	217
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: [to TRA.] ist he	
meane?	, , , ,
Tra. Euen he, Biondello.	
Gre. Hearke you, fir! you meane not her to	
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, fir: what have you to do?	221
Petr. Not her that chides, fir, at any hand, I pray.	
Tranio. I loue no chiders, fir. \ Biondello, let's away!	223
Luc. [aside] Well begun, Tranio!	3
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go!	
Are you a futor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?	225
Tra. And if I be, fir, is it any offence?	
Gremio. No; if without more words you will get you hence.	227
Tra. Why, fir, I pray, are not the streets as free	
For me, as for you?	
Gre. But so is not she.	229
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?	
Gre. For this reason, if you'l	kno.
That she's the choise love of Signior Gremio !	,
Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio!	232
Tra. Softly, my Masters! If you be Gentlemen,	-
Do me this right; heare me with patiënce!	
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,	235
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne;	
And, were his daughter fairer then she is,	
She may more futors haue, and me for one,	
Fair Lædaes daughter had a thousand wooers;	239
Then well one more may faire Bianca haue:	
And so she shall; Lucentio shal make one,	
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone!	242
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all!	
Luc. Sir, giue him head! I know hee'l proue a Iade.	
Petr. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?	
Hor. [to TRA.] Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,	246
Did you yet euer see Baptislas daughter?	
Tra. No, fir; but heare I do, that he hath two;	
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,	
As is the other, for beauteous modestie.	250
Petr Sir fir the first's for me. let her go by !	

218. to Tra.] aside to Tranio. Malone. 228. streets] Q. streers F.

	eaue that labour to great Hercules;	
	more then Alcides twelue! A.J Sir, vnderstand you this of me, (insooth!)	254
The yongest d	aughter, whom you hearken for,	-34
	pes from all accesse of sutors;	
	promise her to any man,	
	r fifter first be wed:	258
	en is free, and not before. t be fo, fir, that you are the man	
Must steed vs a	dl, and me amongst the rest;	
	eake the ice, and do this feate,	262
Atchieue the	elder, fet the yonger free	
For our accesse	, whose hap shall be to haue her,	
	acelesse be, to be ingrate.	
	do professe to be a sutor,	266
	we do, gratifie this Gentleman,	
	all rest generally beholding.	
Tranio. Sir,	I shal not be slacke: in signe whereof,	270
	nay contriue this afternoone,	
	rowses to our Mistresse health,	
	erfaries do in law, y, but eate and drinke as friends.	
Gru. Bion.	Oh excellent motion! ¶ Fellowes, let's be g	274
Hor. The m	notion's good indeed, and be it so!	
¶ Petruchio, I		eunt. 277
	Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.	
	Padua. BAPTISTAS House.	
Enter KAT	HERINA, and BIANCA with her hands	bound.
Bian. Good	fifter, wrong me not, nor wrong your felf,	1
To make a bo	ndmaide and a flaue of mee!	
	ne: but, for these other gawds,	
	ands, Ile pull them off my selfe,	4
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoate; Or, what you will command me, wil I do,		
	w my dutie to my elders.	
Kate. Of all	thy futors, heere I charge thee, tel	8
Whom thou l	ou'ft best! see thou dissemble not!	
and featel D	owe cooks F	1- 73
277. Ben] F	2. Been F. 3. gawds] Theobald. 8. thee] F2.	goods F.

31

[I. ii. 252-277; II. i. 1-9.

Bianca. Beleeue me, fifter, of all the men aliue I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,	
Which I could fancie more then any other. Kate. Minion, thou lyest! Is't not Hortensio? Bian. If you affect him, sister, heere I sweare,	13
Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal haue him. Kate. Oh, then, belike you fancie riches more: You wil haue Gremio to keepe you faire.	16
Bian. Is it for him you do enuse me so? Nay, then, you iest; and now I wel perceiue You haue but iested with me all this while:	20
I prethee, lister Kate, vntie my hands! Ka. If that be iest, then all the rest was so. [Strikes	her.
Enter BAPTISTA.	
Bap. [to KATE.] Why, how now, Dame! whence growes infolence?	this
¶ Bianca, stand aside! (Poore gyrle! she weepes.) Go ply thy Needle; meddle not with her!	24
¶ For shame! thou Hilding of a diuellish spirit, Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?	
When did the croffe thee with a bitter word? Kate. Her filence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.	28
[Flies after BIA	NCA.
Bap. [holding her back] What, in my fight? ¶ Bianca, get in! [Exit Bid	
Kate. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see She is your treasure, the must have a husband;	32
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day, And, for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell! Talke not to me! I will go sit and weepe,	
	. 36
But who comes heere?	
Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of a meane of Petruchio, with Hortensio as a Musician; and Trawith his Boy (Biondello) bearing a Lute and Bookes.	
Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista!	
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio! ¶ God faue Gentlemen!	you,
Pet. And you, good fir! Pray, haue you not a daughter Cal'd Katerina, faire and vertuous?	
Bap. I haue a daughter, fir, cal'd Katerina.	44

Gre. You are too blunt : go to it orderly !	
Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: giue me leaue!	46
¶ I am a Gentleman of Verona, fir,	
That (hearing of her beautie, and her wit,	48
Her affability, and bashfull modestie,	
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauiour)	
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest	
Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse	52
Of that report, which I so oft have heard.	
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,	
I do present you with a man of mine, [Presenting HORTEN	
Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,	56
To instruct her fully in those sciences,	
Whereof, I know, the is not ignorant:	
Accept of him! or else you do me wrong,	
His name is Litio, born in Mantua.	60
Bap. Y'are welcome, fir; and he, for your good fake.	
But, for my daughter Katerine, this I know,	
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.	
Pet. I fee you do not meane to part with her,	64
Or else you like not of my companie.	
Bap. Mistake me not! I speake but as I finde.	
Whence are you, fir? What may I call your name?	
Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's sonne,	68
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.	
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his fake!	70
Gre. Sauing your tale, Petruchio, I pray,	
Let vs, that are poore petitioners, fpeake too! Baccare! you are meruaylous forward!	72
Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior Gremio! I would faine be doin	œ
Gre. I doubt it not, fir; but you will curfe your wooing.	75
[70 BAP.] Neighbor, this is a guift very gratefull, I am sure o	
To expresse the like kindnesse, my selfe, that have beene more kind	
beholding to you then any, freely give vnto you this yong Scho	oller
[presenting Luc.], that hath beene long studying at Rhemes; as	L79
cunning in Greeke, Latine, and other Languages, as the other in Mus	
and Mathematickes: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his feruie Bap. A thousand thankes, Signior Gremio! ¶ Welcome, g	
1 Licio F2. 76. Neighbor] Theobald. ne	igh-
73. Baccare] F2. Bacare F. bors F.	1 :
76. To Bap.] Capell (after 78. you] Capell (Tyrwhitt con Neighbor).	1.).
1 /9. presenting Zate. J Nowe.	-82

Cambio: [70 TRA.] But, gentle fir, me thinkes you walke	like a
stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your comming	3 ? 84
Tra. Pardon me, fir! the boldnesse is mine owne;	
That, being a stranger in this Cittle heere,	
Do make my felfe a futor to your daughter,	0.0
Vnto Bianca, faire and vertuous. Nor is your firme resolue vnknowne to me,	88
In the preferment of the eldeft fifter.	
This liberty is all that I request,	
That, vpon knowledge of my Parentage,	92
I may have welcome mongst the rest that woo,	7-
And free accesse and fauour as the rest.	
And, toward the education of your daughters,	
I heere bestow a simple instrument,	96
And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:	
If you accept them, then their worth is great.	
Bap, Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?	
Tra. Of Pifa, fir; sonne to Vincentio.	100
Bap. A mightie man of Pifa; by report	
I know him well: you are verie welcome, fir.	
[70 HOR.] Take you the Lute! [to Luc.] and you the fet or be You shall go see your Pupils presently.	
¶ Holla, within!	104
Jazona, Within !	
Enter a Seruant.	
Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen	
To my daughters! and tell them both,	
These are their Tutors: bid them vse them well!	
[Exit Seruant, with Luc. and	
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,	108
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,	
And fo I pray you all to thinke your felues.	110
Pet. Signior Baptisla, my businesse asketh haste,	
And euerie day I cannot come to woo.	112
You knew my father well, and in him, me,	
Left folie heire to all his Lands and goods,	
Which I have bettered rather then decreaft:	
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,	116
What dowrie shall I have with her to wife?	
Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands;	
And, in possession, twentie thousand Crownes.	
Pet. And, for that dowrie, Ile affure her of	120

Her widdow-hood, (be it that she survive me,)	
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoeuer:	
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,	
That couenants may be kept on either hand.	124
Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,	
That is, her loue; for that is all in all.	
Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,	
I am as peremptorie as she proud-minded;	128
And where two raging fires meete together,	
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie:	
Though little fire growes great with little winde,	
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:	132
So I to her, and fo fhe yeelds to me;	
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.	
Bap. Well maift thou woo, and happy be thy fpeed!	
But be thou arm'd for fome vnhappie words!	136
Pet. I, to the proofe; as Mountaines are for windes,	
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually!	
Re-enter Hortensio with his head broke.	
Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou looke so I	pale?
Hor. For feare, I promise you, if I looke pale.	140
Bap. What, will my daughter proue a good Musitian?	
Hor. I thinke she'l sooner proue a souldiër:	
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.	
Bap. Why, then thou canft not break her to the Lute?	144
Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the Lute to me	
I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,	
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;	
When, (with a most impatient diuellish spirit,)	148
"Frets," call you these?' (quoth she;) 'Ile sume with the	em!
And, with that word, she stroke me on the head,	
And through the instrument my pate made way;	
And there I flood amazed for a while,	152
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute;	
While she did call me 'Rascall Fidler,'	
And 'twangling lacke'; with twentie fuch vilde tearme	
As had the studied to misvie me so!	156
Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lustie Wench;	
I loue her ten times more then ere I did:	

Oh, how I long to have fome chat with her! [fited: Bap. [to Hor.] Wel, go with me, and be not so disc	
Proceed in practife with my yonger daughter;	.0111-
She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes.	
¶ Signior Petruchio, will you go with vs,	
Or shall I fend my daughter Kate to you?	164
Pet. I pray you do! [Exeunt. Manet Petruc	
I wil attend her heere,	mio.
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.	
Say, that she raile; why, then Ile tell her plaine,	
She fings as fweetly as a Nightinghale:	168
Say, that she frowne; Ile say she lookes as cleere	
As morning Roses newly washt with dew: 1	
Say, she be mute, and will not speake a word;	
Then Ile commend her volubility,	172
And fay she vttereth piercing eloquence:	
If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thankes,	
As though the bid me ftay by her a weeke:	
If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day	176
When I shall aske the banes, and when be married.	
But heere she comes; and now, Petruchio, speake!	
Enter KATERINA.	
Good morrow, Kate! for that's your name, I heare.	179
Kate. Well haue you heard, but something hard of hea	ring:
They call me Katerine, that do talke of me.	
Pet. You lye, infaith; for you are call'd plaine 'Kate	,
And 'bonny Kate,' and, sometimes, 'Kate the curst':	
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendome,	184
Kate of Kate-hall; my super-daintie Kate,	
(For dainties are all Kates,) and therefore, Kate,	
165. Exeunt.] Exit. F (after 1. washt with dew.—A Shrew, litt's Sh. Lib. Pt. 2, II. 531. 1 As glorious as the morning 183. bonny F4. bony F.	Haz-
governor as the morning 103, www.y 14, bony 1.	
Feran, Twentie good morrowes to my louely Kate! [179]	
Kate. You iest, I am sure: is she yours alreadie? Feran. I tell thee, Kate, I know thou lou'st me well.	
Kate The depill you don't who told you en?	

Kate. You iest, I am sure: is she yours alreadie?
Feran. I tell thee, Kate, I know thou lou'st me well.
Kate. The deuill you doo! who told you so?
Feran. My mind, sweet Kate, doth say I am the man
Must wed, and bed, and marrie [259-267, p. 39] bonnie Kate [183].
II. i. 159-186.]
36

Т	Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:	
	Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne,	₹88
	'hy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,	
	Yet not fo deepely as to thee belongs,)	
	My felfe am moou'd to woo thee for my wife.	
1,	Kate. 'Mou'd'! in good time! let him that 'mou'd'	von
	hether.	192
R	Remoue you hence! I knew you at the first,	19-
	You were a mouable.	
1	Pet. Why, what's a 'mouable'?	
	Kat. 'A joyn'd stoole.'	
	Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, fit on	me !
	Kate. Affes are made to beare, and fo are you!	me.
	Pet. Women 'are made to beare, and so are you!'	197
	Kate. No fuch Iade as you, if me you meane.	19/
	Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burthen thee!	
T	For, knowing thee to be but youg and light,	200
1	Kate. Too 'light' for fuch a swaine as you to catch!	200
٨	And yet as heavie as my waight should be.	
I.	Pet. 'Shold be'! 'should' buzze!	
	Kate. Well tane, and like a buzz	ard I
	Pet. Oh flow-wing'd Turtle! shal a buzard take thee?	
	Kat. I, for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard.	204
	Pet. Come, come, you Waspe! y'faith you are too ang	rria
	Kate. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.	5110.
	Det My remedy is then to plucke it out	208
	Pet. My remedy is then, to plucke it out. Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.	200
	Pet. Who knowes not where a Waspe does weare his st	ing
т	n his taile.	ing:
1	Kate. In his tongue!	212
		212
	Pet. Whose tongue?	
	Kate. Yours, if you talke of tales; and fo, farewell! Pet. What, with my tongue in your taile? Nay, come ago	ainel
	Tet. What, with my tongue in your tane: Ivay, come ag	ane
	Kate. Was ever seene so grose an asse as this? [196]	

Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this? [196] Feran. I, to stand so long, and neuer get a kisse. Kate. Hands off, I say, and get you from this place! Or I will set my ten commandments in your face. Feran. I prethe, doo, Kate! they say thou art a shrew; And I like thee the better, for I would have thee so. Kate. Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare! Feran. No, Kate; this hand is mine, and I thy loue.

[II. i. 187-215.

Good Kate! [Staying her] I am a Gentleman, Kate. That Ile trie. [She firikes him. 216			
Pet. I sweare Ile custe you, if you strike againe!			
Kate. So may you loose your armes:			
If you strike me, you are no Gentleman;			
And, if no Gentleman, why, then no armes. 220			
Pet. A Herald, Kate? Oh, put me in thy bookes			
Kate. What is your Crest? a Coxcombe?			
Pet. A comblesse Cocke, so Kate will be my Hen.			
Kate. No Cocke of mine! you crow too like a crauen. 224			
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come! you must not looke so			
fowre.			
Kate. It is my fashion, when I see a Crab.			
Pet. Why, heere's no crab; and therefore looke not fowre!			
Kate. There is! there is!			
Pet. Then shew it me!			
Kate. Had I a glaffe, I would.			
Pet. What, you meane my face?			
Kate. Well aym'd of fuch a yong one.			
Pet. Now, by S. George, I am too 'yong' for you!			
Kate. Yet you are wither'd.			
Pet. 'Tis with cares.			
Kate. I 'care' not. 232			
Det New house you Voted [Steving hor] Infacth you			
Pet. Nay, heare you, Kate! [Staying her.] Infooth you			
fcape not fo.			
Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go! 234			
Pet. No, not a whit! I finde you passing gentle.			
Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen,			
And now I finde report a very liar;			
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous, 238			
But flow in speech; yet sweet as spring-time flowers:			
Thou canft not frowne, thou canft not looke ascance,			
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;			
Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke, 242			
But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,			

216. Staying her.] Detaining her. Dyce (after Gentleman). 240. ascance] Rowe (ed. 2.) a sconce F.

Kate. In faith, sir, no; the woodcock wants his taile [211, p. 37]. Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.

II. i. 216-243]

With gentle conference, foft, and affable. Why does the world report that <i>Kate</i> doth limpe? Oh fland'rous world! <i>Kate</i> , like the hazle twig, Is ftraight, and flender; and as browne in hue As hazle nuts, and fweeter then the kernels.	246
Oh, let me fee thee walke! thou dost not halt?	
Kate. Go, foole, and whom thou keep'ft command! [She paceth the Char	nher.
Pet. Did euer Dian so become a Groue,	
As Kate this chamber with her princely gate?	
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;	
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportfull!	254
Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?	
Petr. It is extempore, from my mother wit.	
Kate. A witty mother! witlesse else her sonne.	
Pet. Am I not wife? Kat. Yes; 'keepe you warme.'	2 = 8
Pet. Marry, fo I meane, fweet Katherine, in thy bed	258
And therefore, fetting all this chat afide,	,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented	
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;	262
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you!	
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turne;	
For, by this light, whereby I fee thy beauty,	
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)	266
Thou must be married to no man but me!	
For I am he am borne to tame you, Kate,	
And bring you from a wilde Kate to a Kate	
Conformable, as other houshold Kates.	270
Heere comes your father: neuer make denial!	
I must, and will, haue Katherine to my wife!	
Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Transo.	

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

248.	then] rhen F.	Enter	F (after	1. 267). Tranio. J Trayno F.
2/2.	100-010001 1	THEOR	-/	Transiti I Itayno I.

Re-enter ALFONSO.

Alfon. How now, Ferando! what saies my daughter?

[II. i. 244-273.

Pet. How but well, fir? how but well?	274
It were impossible I should speed amisse. [dus	mps?
	your
Kat. Call you me 'daughter'? now, I promise you,	
You have shewd a tender fatherly regard,	278
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke;	
A Mad-cap Ruffian, and a fwearing Iacke,	
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.	
Pet. Father, 'tis thus: your felfe and all the world,	282
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:	
If she be curst, it is for pollicie,	
For shee's not froward, but modest as the Doue;	
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne;	286
For patience, shee will proue a second Griffell,	
And Romane Lucrece, for her chaftitie:	
And to conclude: we have 'greed fo well together,	
That vpon Sonday is the wedding day.	290
Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on Sonday first!	
Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she saies shee'll 'see thee ha	ing'd
first.'	
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, godnight our p	art!
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen! I choose her for my selfe	e:
If the and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?	295
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt vs twaine, being alone,	
That she shall still be curst in company.	
I tell you, 'tis incredible to beleeue	
How much she loues me: oh, the kindest Kate'	299
Shee hung about my necke; and kiffe on kiffe	
Shee vi'd fo fast, protesting oath on oath,	

1 godnight = good night.

Feran. Shees willing, sir, and loues me as hir life [274; 299].

Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

Alfon. Come hither, Kate, and let me give thy hand [310, p. 41]

To him that I have chosen for thy loue!

And thou to morrow shalt be wed to him.

Kate. Why, father, what do you meane to do with me, To giue me thus vnto this brainsick man, That, in his mood, cares not to murder me?

[She turnes aside and speakes.

But yet I will consent and marrie him, II. i. 274-301.]

That in a twinke fhe won me to her loue. Oh, you are nouices! 'tis a world to fee, How tame, when men and women are alone, A meacocke wretch can make the curfeft fhrew.		
¶ Giue me thy hand, Kate! I will vnto Venice, To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day. ¶ Prouide the feast, Father, and bid the guests! I will be fure my Katherine shall be fine.		
Bap. I know not what to fay; but give me your hands! God fend you ioy! Petruchio! 'tis a match! 311 Gre. Tra. Amen, fay we! we will be witnesses.		
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu! I will to Venice; Sonday comes apace:		
We will have rings, and things, and fine array; ¶ And, kiffe me, Kate, we will 'be married a Sonday.'¹ 316 [Exeunt Petruchio and Katherine. Gre. Was ever match clapt vp fo fodainly?		
Bap. Faith, Gentlemen, now I play a marchants part, And venture madly on a desperate Mart. Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you: 'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas. Bap. The gaine I seeke is, quiet in the match.		
1 'I mun be maried a Sunday,' Arber, p. 87. sings Royster Doyster. — Udall's Roister Doister (before 1553), ed. 322. in] Rowe (ed. 2). me F.		
(For I, methinkes, haue liude too long a maid,) And match him too, ² or else his manhoods good. Alfon. Giue me thy hand! [310] Ferando loues thee wel; And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state.		
¶ Here, Ferando, take her for thy wife! And Sunday next shall be your wedding day [290, p. 40; 307, 316]. Feran. Why so! did I not tell thee I should be the man? ¶ Father, I leaue my louelie Kate with you:		
Provide your selves against our marriage daie! For I must hie me to my countrie house In hast, to see provision may be made, To entertaine my Kate [306-9] when she dooth come. Alfon. Doo so! ¶Come, Kate! why doost thou looke so sad?		
Be merrie, wench! thy wedding daies at hand. Sonne, fare you well, and see you keepe your promise! [Exeunt Alfonso and Kate. Manet FERANDO.		

7	Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.	323
	But now, Baptista, to your yonger daughter; Now is the day we long haue looked for:	
	am your neighbour, and was suter first.	
1	Tra. And I am one that loue Bianca more	227
7	Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.	327
-	Gre. Yongling! thou canft not loue so deare as I!	
	Tra, Gray-beard! thy loue doth freeze!	
	Gre. But thine doth frie!	220
S	kipper, stand backe! 'tis age that nourisheth.	330
-	Tra. But youth, in Ladies eyes, that florisheth!	332
	Bap. Content you, gentlemen! I wil compound this strife:	33-
9	Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,	
	That can affure my daughter greatest dower,	
	shall haue my Biancas loue,	336
	Say, fignior Gremio, what can you affure her?	33-
	Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City	
1	s richly furnished with plate and gold;	
	Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands;	340
	My hangings all of Tirian tapestry;	
1	In Iuory cofers I haue stuft my crownes;	
1	In Cypres chefts my Arras counterpoints,1	
1	Costly apparell, Tents, and Canopies,	344
	Fine Linnen, Turky cushions bost with pearle,	
1	Vallens of Venice gold in needle worke;	
	Pewter and braffe, and all things that belongs	
	To house or house-keeping: then, at my farme,	348
	I haue a hundred milch-kine to the paile,	
	Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls;	
	And all things answerable to this portion.	
	My selfe am strooke in yeeres, I must confesse;	352
	And, if I die to morrow, this is hers,	
	If, whil'st I liue, she will be onely mine.	
	Tra. That 'only' came well in. ¶ Sir, lift to me!	
	I am my fathers heyre, and onely sonne:	356
	If I may have your daughter to my wife,	
	Ile leaue her houses three or foure as good,	
	Within rich Pifa walls, as any one	
	Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;	360

349. paile] pale F.

Rich Affrick spices, Arras counter poines.²
A Shrew, Hazlitt's Sh. Lib. Pt. 2, II. 532.

² These were gifts promised by Phylotus (Pedant), the sham father of Aurelius (Lucentio), to Alfonso (Baptista).

II. i. 323-360.]

Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere,	
Of fruitfull land; all which shall be her ioynter.	
What! haue I pincht you, Signior Gremio?	
Gre. 'Two thousand Duckets by the yeere, of land'!	364
My Land amounts not to so much in all:	
That she shall have; besides an Argosie	
That now is lying in Marcellus 1 roade.	
¶ What! haue I choakt you with an Argofie?	368
Tra. Gremio, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse	
Then three great Argosies; besides two Galliasses,	
And twelue tite Gallies: these I will assure her,	
And twice as much, what ere thou offrest next,	372
Gre. Nay, I have offred all, I have no more;	
And she can have no more then all I have:	
¶ If you like me, she shall have me and mine.	
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world	376
By your firme promise: Gremio is out-vied.	
Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best;	
And let your father make her the affurance,	
Shee is your owne; else, (you must pardon me,)	380
If you should die before him, where's her dower?	
Tra. That's but a cauill: he is olde, I young.	
Gre. And may not yong men die, as well as old?	
Bap. Well, gentlemen,	384
I am thus refolu'd: On Sonday next, you know,	
My daughter Katherine is to be married:	
¶ Now, on the Sonday following, shall Bianca	
Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance;	388
¶ If not, to Signior Gremio:	
¶ And fo I take my leaue, and thanke you both.	
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour! [Exit BAPT]	STA.
¶ Now I feare thee not!	
Sirra yong gamester, your father were a foole	392
To give thee all, and, in his wayning age,	37
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy!	
An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde, my boy! [Exit.	395
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!	373
Yet I have 'fac'd it with a card of ten.'	
'Tis in my head to doe my master good:	
I fee no reason but suppos'd Lucentio	
Must get a father, call'd (suppos'd) Vincentio;	400
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,	
1 Marseilles. 'Marcellus,' All's 391. Exit Baptista.] Exi	t. F
Well, IV. v. 74; 'Marcellæ,' IV. (after l. 390).	
iv. 9.	
43 [II. i. 361	-401.

Doe get their children; but, in this case of woing, 1
A childe shall get a sire, if I saile not of my cunning.

[Exit, followed by BIONDELLO.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Padua, BAPTISTAS House.

radua. Barlistas House.		
Enter LUCENTIO with books, HORTENTIO with a lute, and B	IANCA.	
Luc. Fidler, forbeare! you grow too forward, Sir!	1	
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment		
Her fifter Katherine welcom'd you withall?		
Hort. But, wrangling pedant, this is	4	
The patronesse of heavenly harmony:		
Then give me leave to have prerogative;		
And when in Musicke we have spent an houre		
Your Lecture shall have leifure for as much.	8	
Luc. Preposterous Asse, that neuer read so farre,		
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd!		
Was it not, to refresh the minde of man,		
After his studies, or his vsuall paine?	12	
Then give me leave to read Philosophy,		
And, while I pause, serue in your harmony!	14	
Hort. Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine!		
Bianc. Why, gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,		
To striue for that which resteth in my choice:		
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles;	*8	
Ile not be tied to howres, nor 'pointed times,		
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe.		
And, to cut off all strife, heere sit we downe:		
[70 HOR.] Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;	22	
His Lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.		
Hort. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in tune?		
Luc. That will be neuer: tune your instrument! [BIAN, and Luc, seat themselves. Hor. retires	A tunon	
Bian, Where left we last?	26	
Luc. Heere, Madam:	[Reads.	
Hic ibat Simois; hio est Sigera tellus;	[modus.	
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.		
Bian, Conster them!	30	
Luc. 'Hic ibat,' as I told you before; 'Simots,' I am I		
and the second of the second o		
woing = wooing 28. hic] Q. hie F.		
Actus Tertius.] Actus Tertia. F. 28. Sigeia] F2. sigeria F.		
26. <i>left</i>] lest F.		
II. i. 402, 402 : III i 1,21 1 44		

'hic est,' fonne vnto Vincentio of Pisa; 'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your loue: 'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes a			
wooing; 'Priami,' is my man Tr	anio; 'regia,' bearing my port;		
'celfa fenis,' that we might beguile			
Hort. [aduancing] Madam, my In			
Bian. Let's heare! [HOR. plays.]	On he! the treble larres.		
	une againe! [HOR. retires & tunes		
Bian. Now let mee see if I can c	conter it:		
'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not;	nic est sigeia teuus, I truit you		
not : 'Hic steterat Priami,' take !	neede ne neare vs not; regia,		
presume not; 'celsa senis,' despaire	not :		
Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.	HOR. plays.		
	All but the base. 43		
Hort. The 'base' is right; 'tis t	Dedont is !		
[Aside] How fiery and forward our	redant is !		
Now, for my life, the knaue doth c			
Pedascule, Ile watch you better yet	! 47		
Bian, [aloud to LUC.] In time I m	ay beleeue, yet I milituit.		
Luc. Mistrust it not! for, sure, Æ			
Was Aiax, cald fo from his grandfa			
Bian. I must beleeve my master;			
I should be arguing still vpon that a But let it rest. ¶ Now, Litio, to yo	doubt;		
¶ Good masters, take it not vnkindly, pray, That I haue beene thus pleasant with you both!			
Hart Tag Vou may go wal	th you both!		
Hort. [to Luc.] You may go walk, and give me leave a while! My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.			
Luc. Are you so formall, fir? well, I must waite,			
[Aside] And watch withall; for, bu			
Our fine Musitian groweth amorous			
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,			
To learne the order of my fingering			
I must begin with rudiments of Ar			
To teach you gamoth in a briefer f			
More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall,			
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade:			
And there it is in writing, fairely drawne.			
8, ,			
37. Hor. plays.] Capell.	of Luc.'s speech, in F.		
40. Sigeia] sigeria F.	49. Luc.] Pope (ed. 2). Bian. F.		
41. steterat] F2. staterat F.	51. Bian.] Pope (ed. 2). Hort.		
43. Hor. plays.] Camb. Edd.	F.		
conj.	54. masters] Rowe (ed. 2). mas-		
	ter F.		
yet: F.	59. Aside] Camb. Edd.		
48. Bian.] Pope (ed. 2). Part	TTT 1 00 fo		
45	[III. i. 32-67.		

Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe. Hor. Yet reade the gamouth of Hortentio! Bian. [reads] 'Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord	09
A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;	
B ml, Bianca, take him for thy Lord,	
C fa vt, that loues with all affection:	73
D fol re, one Cliffe, two notes haue I; E la mi, show pitty, or I die.'	
Call you this 'gamouth'? tut, I like it not!	
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice	
To change true rules for old inventions.	77
Enter a Messenger.	
Mers. Nicke.1 Mistresse, your father prayes you leave you	ur books.
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp:	
You know, to morrow is the wedding day.	83
Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both! I must be gone.	
Exeunt BIANCA & M	lessenger.
Luc. Faith, Mistresse, then I have no cause to stay.	[Exit.
Hor. But I have cause to pry into this Pedant:	
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue:	85
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,	
To cast thy wandring eyes on euery stale,	
Seize thee that lift! if once I finde thee ranging,	FP '- 0
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.	[Exit. 89

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda. Padua, Before Baptistas House.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, Lucentio, Hortensio, and others, Attendants.

Bap. [to Tral.] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day, That Katherine and Petruchio should be married, And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law.

What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the Bride-groome, when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage!

71. A re] Q. Are F. 72. B mi] Pope. Beeme F. 73. C fa vf] Q. Cfavt F. 75. E la mi] Ela mi F. 78. change] F2. charge F. 1 'Nicke' was, perhaps, Nicholas	Tooley, an actor in Shakspere's company. 83. Exit.] Rowe. Before House.] Malone. Lucentio] Rowe. 1. to Tra.] Capell.
III. i. 68-89; ii. 1-6.] 40	

What faies Lucentio to this shame of ours?					
Kate. No 'shame' but mine! I must, forsooth, be forst	8				
To giue my hand, oppos'd against my heart, Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of spleene;					
Who woo'd in hafte, and meanes to wed at leyfure.					
I told you, I, he was a franticke foole,	12				
Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauiour:					
And, to be noted for a merry man,					
Hee'll wooe a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,					
Make friends, inuite, and e'en proclaime the banes;	16				
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd.					
Now must the world point at poore Katherine,					
And fay, 'Loe, there is mad Petruchio's wife,					
If it would please him come and marry her!'	20				
Tra. Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too!					
Vpon my life, Petruchio meanes but well,					
What euer fortune stayes him from his word:					
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;	24				
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.					
Kate. Would Katherine had neuer feen him though!					
[Exit weepi	ng.				
Bap. Goe, girle! I cannot blame thee now to weepe; For such an iniurie would vexe a very faint,	28				
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.	20				
Enter Biondello.					
Bion. Mafter, mafter! newes, and fuch olde newes as y	rou				
neuer heard of!					
Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?	32				
Bion. Why, is it not newes, to heare of Petruchio's commir	ig?				
Bap. Is he come?					
Bion. Why, no, fir.					
Bap. What then?	36				
Bion. He is comming.					
Bap. When will he be heere?					
Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there. 39					
Tra. But, fay, what to thine 'olde newes'?					
17. meanes J Q. mcanes F. (Collier MS.). such newes F. 29. thy J F2. 33. heare Q. heard F.					
30. such olde newes] Collier					

Bion. Why, Petruchio is comming, in a new hat and an old ierkin; a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that have beene candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an olde rufty fword tane out of the Towne Armory, [44 with a broken hilt, and chapelesse; with two broken points: his horse hip'd; (with an olde mothy saddle, and stirrops of no kindred;) besides, possest with the Glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the Lampasse, infected with [48] the Fashions, full of Windegalls, sped with Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fines, starke spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, swaid in the backe, and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before: and with a halfe-chekt [52 Bitte, & a Headstall of sheepes leather, which, being restrain'd to keepe him from flumbling, hath been often burft, and now repaired with knots; one Girth fixe times peec'd; and a Womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for [56 her name, fairely fet down in studs, and heere and there peec'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, fir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparison'd [60 like the horse; with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and blew list; an old hat, & 'the humor of forty fancies' prick in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, & not like [64 a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lacky!

Tra. 'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but meane-apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howfoere he comes. 68

Bion. Why, fir, he comes not.

Bap. Didft thou not fay hee comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?
Bap. I, 'that Petruchio came.'

Bion. No, fir; I say his horse comes, with him on his backe.

76

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion.

Nay, by S. Iamy, I hold you a penny, A horfe and a man Is more then 'one'.

And yet not many.

51. swaid] swayed Hanmer. Waid F. 48

Bap. You are welcome, fir. Petr. And yet I 'come' not 'well.' Bap. And yet you halt not. Tra. Not fo 'well' apparell'd As I wish you were. Petr. Were it better, I should rush in thus. But where is Kate? where is my louely Bride? Thow does my father? The Gentles, methinkes you frowne: And wherefore gaze this goodly company, As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some Commet, or vnusuall prodigie? Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day. First were we sad, fearing you would not come;	Enter Petruchio baselle attired, and Grumio.	
Bap. You are welcome, fir. Petr. And yet I 'come' not 'well.' Bap. And yet you halt not. Tra. Not fo 'well' apparell'd As I wish you were. Petr. Were it better, I should rush in thus. But where is Kate? where is my louely Bride? Thow does my father? Thould rush in thus. But where is Kate? where is my louely Bride? Thow does my father? Thould rush in thus. 84 But where is Kate? where is my louely Bride? Though in fome wondrous monument, 85 86 87 88 88 88 88 89 89 89 89 89	Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?	80
And yet I 'come' not 'well.' Bap. And yet you halt not. Tra. Not fo 'well' apparell'd As I wish you were. Petr. Were it better, I should rush in thus. But where is Kate? where is my louely Bride? Thow does my father? The Gentles, methinkes you frowne: And wherefore gaze this goodly company, As if they faw some wondrous monument, Some Commet, or vnusuall prodigie? Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day. First were we fad, fearing you would not come; Now fadder, that you come so vnprouided. Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-fore to our solemne sestiual! Tra. And tell vs, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wise, And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe? Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare: Sufficeth, I am come to keepe my word, Though in some part inforced to digresse;	Bap. You are welcome, fir.	
Tra. Not fo 'well' apparell'd As I wish you were. Petr. Were it better, I should rush in thus. But where is Kate? where is my louely Bride? ¶ How does my father? ¶ Gentles, methinkes you frowne: And wherefore gaze this goodly company, As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some Commet, or vnusuall prodigie? Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day. First were we sad, fearing you would not come; Now sadder, that you come so vnprouided. Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-fore to our solemne sestiuall! Tra. And tell vs, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wise, And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe? Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare: Sufficeth, I am come to keepe my word, Though in some part inforced to digresse;	Petr. And yet I 'come' not 'we	ell.
As I wish you were. Petr. Were it better, I should rush in thus. But where is Kate? where is my louely Bride? ¶ How does my father? ¶ Gentles, methinkes you frowne: And wherefore gaze this goodly company, As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some Commet, or vnusuall prodigie? Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day. First were we sad, fearing you would not come; Now sadder, that you come so vnprouided. Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-sore to our solemne sestival! Tra. And tell vs, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wise, And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe? Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare: Sufficeth, I am come to keepe my word, Though in some part inforced to digresse;	Bap. And yet you halt not.	
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But where is Kate? where is my louely Bride? ¶ How does my father? ¶ Gentles, methinkes you frowne: And wherefore gaze this goodly company, As if they faw fome wondrous monument, Some Commet, or vnufuall prodigie? Bap. Why, fir, you know this is your wedding day. First were we fad, fearing you would not come; Now fadder, that you come fo vnprouided. Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-fore to our folemne festivall! Tra. And tell vs, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wise, And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe? Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare: Sufficeth, I am come to keepe my word, Though in some part inforced to digresse;		
¶ How does my father? ¶ Gentles, methinkes you frowne: And wherefore gaze this goodly company, As if they faw fome wondrous monument, Some Commet, or vnufuall prodigie? Bap. Why, fir, you know this is your wedding day. Firft were we fad, fearing you would not come; Now fadder, that you come fo vnprouided. Fie, doff this habit, fhame to your eftate, An eye-fore to our folemne feftiuall! Tra. And tell vs, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, And fent you hither so vnlike your selfe? Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare: Sufficeth, I am come to keepe my word, Though in some part inforced to digresse;		84
And wherefore gaze this goodly company, As if they faw fome wondrous monument, Some Commet, or vnufuall prodigie? Bap. Why, fir, you know this is your wedding day. First were we fad, fearing you would not come; Now fadder, that you come fo vnprouided. Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-fore to our folemne festivall! Tra. And tell vs, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wise, And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe? Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare: Sufficeth, I am come to keepe my word, Though in some part inforced to digresse;		
As if they faw fome wondrous monument, Some Commet, or vnufuall prodigie? Bap. Why, fir, you know this is your wedding day. First were we fad, fearing you would not come; Now fadder, that you come so vnprouided. Fie, dost this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-fore to our solemne session of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wise, And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe? Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare: Sufficeth, I am come to keepe my word, Though in some part inforced to digresse;		e:
Some Commet, or vnufuall prodigie? Bap. Why, fir, you know this is your wedding day. First were we sad, fearing you would not come; Now sadder, that you come so vnprouided. Fie, dost this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-fore to our solemne festivall! Tra. And tell vs, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wise, And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe? Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare: Sufficeth, I am come to keepe my word, Though in some part inforced to digresse;		
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Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare: Sufficeth, I am come to keepe my word, Though in some part inforced to digresse;		90
Sufficeth, I am come to keepe my word, Though in fome part inforced to digreffe;		
Though in some part inforced to digresse; 100		
which, at more leylure, I will lo excule,		100
	which, at more leylure, I will lo excule,	

Enter Ferando baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.

Feran. [to ALFONSO] Godmorow, father! [86] ¶ Polidor, well met!

You wonder, I know, that I haue staid so long.

Alfon. I, marrie, son; we were almost perswaded

That we should scarse haue had our bridegroome heere:

But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

Feran. Thus richlie, father, you should haue said;

For when my wife and I am married once,

Shees such a shrew, (if we should once fal out,);

Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares;

And therefore am I thus attired awhile:

For manie thinges, I tell you, 's in my head,

And none must know thereof but Kate and I;

For we shall liue like lammes and Lions, sure,

Nor lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,

As you shall well be satisfied withall.	
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:	
mm1 1 1.1 1 01 1	04
Tra. See not your Bride in these vnreuerent robes!	
Goe to my chamber! put on clothes of mine!	
Pet. Not I, beleeue me! thus Ile vifit her.	
	08
Pet. Good footh, euen thus; therefore ha' done with word	
To me she's married, not vnto my cloathes:	43
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,	
0 1	12
'Twere well for Kate, and better for my felfe.	
But what a foole am I to chat with you,	
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride,	
and the same and t	10
[Exeunt Petruchio and Grum	10
Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:	
We will perswade him (be it possible)	
To put on better ere he goe to Church,	
Bap. Ile after him, and see the euent of this.	120
Tra. But, fir, to her Loue concerneth vs to adde	K.A.
116. Exeunt Grumio.] Dyce. 121. But, sir, to her Loue] Male	one
Exit. F. (Tyrwhitt conj.). But sir, Loue	
120. Exeunt] Exit. F.	
If once they lie within the Lions pawes,	
As Kate to me if we were married once,	
And, therefore, come; let vs to church presently [104] Pol. [= HORTENSIO] Fie, Ferando not thus attred for shame!	
[93, p. 49]	
Come to my Chamber, and there sute thy selfe [106]	
Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were!	
Feran. Tush, Polidor! I haue as many sutes	
Fantasticke (made to fit my humor so)	
As any in Athens, and as richlie wrought	
As was the Massie Robe that late adornd The stately legate of the Persian King;	
And this, from them, haue I made choise to weare.	
Alfon. I prethie, Ferando, let me intreat,	
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs, [119]	
To put some other sute vpon thy backe!	
Feran. Not for the world, if I might gaine it so!	
And therefore take me thus, or not at all!	

Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe,	
As I before imparted to your worship,	
I am to get a man, (what ere he be,	124
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,)	
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;	
And make affurance, heere in Padua,	0
Of greater summes then I have promised.	128
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,	
And marry fweet Bianca with confent. Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster	
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,	132
'Twere good, me-thinkes, to fteale our marriage,	132
Which once perform'd, let all the world fay 'no,'	
Ile keepe mine owne, despite of all the world.	
Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,	136
And watch our vantage in this businesse:	- 3
Wee'll ouer-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,	
The narrow-prying father, Minola,	
The quaint Musician, amorous Litio;	
All for my Masters sake, Lucentio!	141
Re-enter GREMIO.	
I Signior Gremio, came you from the Church?	
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from fchoole!	
Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?	
Gre. A 'bridegroome,' fay you? 'tis a groome indeed,	145
A grumlling groome, and that the girle shall finde.	
Tra. Curfter then she? why, 'tis impossible.	
Gre. Why, hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend!	
Tra. Why, she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme!	149
Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a Foole to him!	
Ile tell you, fir Lucentio: when the Priest	
Should aske, if Katherine should be his wife,	
'I, by goggs woones!' quoth he; and fwore fo loud,	153
That, all amaz'd, the Priest let fall the booke;	-33
And, as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,	
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him fuch a cuffe,	
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest:	Ten
'Now take them vp,' quoth he, 'if any lift.'	-3/
Tra. What faid the wench when he rose againe?	
Cra Trambled and theoles, for why he form'd and for	
Gre. Trembled and shooke; for why he stamp'd, and sw	ore,

As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.	161
But after many ceremonies done,	
Hee calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he; as if	
He had beene aboord, carowfing to his Mates	
After a storme: quaft off the Muscadell,	165
And threw the fops all in the Sextons face;	9
Hauing no other reason,	
But that his beard grew thinne and hungerly,	
And feem'd to aske him fops as hee was drinking.	169
This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke,	
And kift her lips with fuch a clamorous fmacke,	
That, at the parting, all the Church did eccho:	
And I, feeing this, came thence for very shame;	173
And after mee, I know, the rout is comming.	, ,
Such a mad marryage neuer was before!	
Harke, harke! I heare the minstrels play. [Musicke play.	iyes.
Re-enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Bapti	STA.

Re-enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista, Tranio, Grumio, and Traine,

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains! I know you thinke to dine with me to day, And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere; But so it is, my haste doth call me hence, 180 And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue. Bap. Is't possible you will away to night? Pet. I must away to day, before night come: Make it no wonder! if you knew my bufinesse, 184 You would intreat me rather goe then stay. ¶ And, honest company, I thanke you all, That have beheld me give away my felfe To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife: 188 Dine with my father, drinke a health to me; For I must hence; and farewell to you all! Tra. Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner.

SANDER (GRUMIO) discouered. Enter Ferando and Kate, and Alfonso, and Polidor and Emelia, and Aurelius (LUCENTIO) and Philema.

Feran. Father, farwell! my Kate and I must home.

[70 SANDER] Sirra, go make ready my horse presentlie! [197, p. 53]

Alion. Your 'horse'! What, son, I hope you doo but iest,
I am sure you will not go so suddainly! [182]

III. ii. 161-191.]

	Pet. It may not be.	
	Gre. Let me intreat you!	192
	Pet. It cannot be!	
	Kat. Let me intreat you!	
	Pet. I am content.	
	Kat. Are you content to ftay?	
	Pet. I am 'content' you shall entreat me stay;	
I	But yet not ftay, entreat me how you can.	196
	Kat. Now, if you loue me, flay!	
	Pet. Grumio, my horse!	
	Gru. I, fir, they be ready: the Oates have eaten the ho	orfes.
	Kate. Nay, then,	
I	Doe what thou canft, I will not goe to day;	200
	No, nor to morrow; not till I please my selfe!	
7	The dore is open, fir! there lies your way!	
7	You may be logging whiles your bootes are greene;	
F	For me, Ile not be gone vntill I please my selfe:	204
91	Tis like you'll proue a iolly furly groome,	
7	That take it on you at the first so roundly!	
	Pet. O Kate, content thee! prethee, be not angry!	
	Kat. I will be angry! what hast thou to doe?	208
1	Father, be quiet! he shall stay my leisure!	
	Gre. I, marry, fir, now it begins to worke!	
	Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner!	
I	fee a woman may be made a foole,	212
-	4.10 5	

192. Gre.] Gra. F.

204. vntill] till F.

[III. ii. 192-212.

Kate. Let him go or tarry, I am resolu'de to stay,
And not to trauell on my wedding day! [200]
Feran. Tut, Kate! I tell thee we must needes go home. [207]
Villaine, hast thou saddled my horse?
San. Which horse? your curtall?
Feran. Sounes, you slaue! stand you prating here?
Saddell the bay gelding for your Mistris!
Kate. Not for me; for Ile not go! [200]
San. The ostler will not let me haue him: you owe ten pence for his meate, and 6 pence for stuffing my mistris saddle.
Feran. Here, villaine, go pay him straight!
San. Shall I giue them another pecke of lauender?
Feran. Out, slaue, and bring them presently to the dore!
Alfon. Why, son, I hope, at least, youle dine with vs?
San. I pray you, maister, lets stay till dinner be don!

If the had not a fpirit to refift. Pet. They shall goe forward, Kate, at thy command. ¶ Obey the Bride, you that attend on her; Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,
¶ Obey the Bride, you that attend on her;
Carowfe full measure to her maiden-head!
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your felues!
But for my bonny Kate, the must with me!
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret! 220
I will be mafter of what is mine owne:
Shee is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My houshold-stuffe, my field, my barne,
My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing;
And heere she stands; touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua! [Draws his sword.] ¶ Grumio
Draw forth thy weapon, we are befet with theeues; 228
Rescue thy Mistresse, if thou be a man!
[Throws his arm round KATE
¶ Feare not, fweet wench! they shall not touch thee, Kate:
Ile buckler thee against a Million!
Exeunt PETBUCHIO, dragging out KATHERINE; & GRUMIO.

Feran. Sounes, villaine! art thou here yet? [Ex. Sander.] ¶ Come, Kate! our dinner is prouided at home. [214] Kate. But not for me, for here I meane to dine. Ile haue my will in this as well as you; Though you in madding mood would leave your frends, Despite of you, Ile tarry with them still.

Feran. I, Kate, so thou shalt, but at some other time: [219] When as thy sisters here shall be espousd, Then thou and I will keepe our wedding day, In better sort then now we can prouide; For here I promise thee before them all, We will ere long returne to them againe. Come, Kate, stand not on termes! we will awaie: [230] This is my day; to morrow thou shalt rule, And I will doo what euer thou commandes. T Gentlemen, farwell! wele take our leues; It will be late before that we come home. [Exeunt 1 Ferando and Kate. Pol. Farwell, Ferando! since you will be gone.

232

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones!

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing!
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like!
Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That, being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated!
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bridegroom wants,
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no iunkets at the feast.

Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place;
And let Bianca take her sisters roome!
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, lets goe! [Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima. PETRUCHIOS Country House.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Masters, & all foule Waies! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so raide? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them. Now, [4 were not I 'a little pot, & soone hot,' my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roose of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warme my selfe; for, [8 considering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold.—Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls fo coldly?

Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire, good Curtis!

Petruchios Country House.] Pope.

1 'raide', berayed, dirtied.

Alfon. So mad a cupple did I neuer see! [232, p. 54; 234] Emel. They're euen as well macht as I would wish.

Cur. Is my mafter and his wife comming, Grumio? Gru. Oh, I, Curtis, I: and therefore fire, fire! cast on no water!

Cur. Is the fo hot a threw as the's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'ft, winter tames man, woman, and beaft; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistris, and my selfe, fellow Curtis!

Cur. Away, you three inch foole! I am no beaft.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why, thy horne is a foot and fo long am I at the leaft. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complaine on thee to our mistris, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy cold comfort, 28 for being flow in thy hot office?

Cur. I prethee, good Grumio! tell me, how goes the

world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; & therefore, fire! do thy duty, and haue thy dutie; for my Master and mistris are almost frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire readie; and therefore, good Grumio, the

Gru. Why, 'Iacke, boy! ho, boy!' and as much newes as thou wilt.

Cur. Come, you are fo full of conicatching!

Gru. Why, therefore, fire! for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke? Is supper ready, the house trim'd, rushes ffrew'd, cobwebs fwept; the feruingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euerie thing in order?

Cur. All readie; and therefore, I pray thee, newes!

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master & mistris falne out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their faddles into the durt; and thereby hangs

Cur. Let's ha't, good Grumio!

^{23.} Cur.] Gru. F. 37. thou wilt] wilt thou F. 42. their] F3. the F.

Gru. Lend thine eare! 52 Cur. Heere! Gru. There! [Strikes him.] Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale. Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a fenfible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and befeech liftning. I begin: Inprimis, wee came downe a fowle hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistris, . . . 59 Cur. Both of one horse? Gru. What's that to thee? Cur. Why, a horse. Gru, Tell thou the tale! but hadft thou not croft me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fel, and she vnder her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miery a place; how the was bemoil'd; how hee left her with the horse vpon [66] her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the durt to plucke him off me; how he fwore; how fhe prai'd, that neuer prai'd before; how I cried; how the horses ranne away; how her bridle was burst; how I [70 loft my crupper; with manie things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obliuion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy graue! Cur. By this reckning, he is more shrew than she. Gru. I; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall finde when he comes home! But what talke I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Ioseph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sugersop, and the rest: let their heads bee slickely comb'd, their [78] blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtie with their left legges; and not prefume to touch a haire of my Masters horse-taile, till they kisse their hands! Are they all readie? 82 Cur. They are. Gru. Call them forth! Cur. [calls] Do you heare? ho! you must meete my maister to countenance my mistris! Gru. Why, she hath a face of her owne.

Gru. Thou, it feemes, that cals for company to 'countenance

Cur. Who knowes not that?

her.

90

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter foure or five Seruingmen.

Nat. Welcome home, Grumio !

Phil. How now, Grumio!

94

Iof. What, Grumio!

Nick. Fellow Grumio! Nat. How now, old lad!

Gru. Welcome, you! Thow now, you! Twhat, you! ¶ fellow, you! And thus much for greeting. Now, my fpruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie. How neere is our mafter? 101 Gru. E'ne at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not . . . [Noise without] Cockes pation, filence! I heare my master. 104

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATE.

Pet. Where be these knaues? What! no man at doore,

92. Enter . . . seruingmen.] F (after l. 91). 102. Gru]. Gre. F.

Enter Sanders with two or three serving men (TOM, WILL, & others). San. Come, sirs, prouide all thinges as fast as you can! for my Master's hard at hand, and my new Mistris and all; and he sent me

before to see all thinges redy [100, 101].

Tom. Welcome home, Sander! [93] Sirra, how lookes our new Mistris? they say she's a plagie shrew [18, p. 56].

San. I; and that thou shalt find [75, 76, p. 57], I can tell thee, and thou dost not please her well: why, my Maister has such a doo with hir as it passeth, and he's euen like a madman.

Will. Why, Sander, what dos he say?

San. Why, Ile tell you what: when they should go to church to be maried, he puts on an olde ierkin and a paire of canuas breeches [III. ii. 41, 42] downe to the small of his legge, and a red cap on his head: (and he lookes as thou wilt burst thy selfe with laffing when thou seest him; he's ene as good as a foole for me:) and then when they should go to dinner he made me saddle the horse, and away he came, and nere tarried for dinner. And therefore you had best get supper reddy [40, p. 56] against they come, for they be hard at hand, I am sure, by this time. Tom. Sounes, see where they be allredy!

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now, welcome, Kate ! [126, p. 59; 139, p. 60] \ Where's these villains? [105]

IV i. 91-105.]

To hold my ftirrop, nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Phillip?
All fer. Heere, heere, fir! heere, fir!
Pet. 'Heere, fir! heere, fir! heere, fir! heere, fir!'
You logger-headed and vnpollisht groomes!
What! no attendance? no regard? no dutie?
¶ Where is the foolish knaue I sent before?
Gru. Heere, fir; as foolish as I was before!
Pet. You pezant-fwain! you horson malt-horse drudg!
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along these rascal knaues with thee?
Grumio. Nathaniels coate, fir, was not fully made, 117
And Gabrels pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heele;
There was no Linke to colour Peters hat,
And Walters dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Rafe, and Gregory, 121
The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet, as they are, heere are they come to meete you.
Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in! [Ex. Ser.
[Singing] 'Where is the life that late I led?'
Where are those? ¶ Sit downe, Kate, and welcome!
[They sit
Soud, foud! foud!
Re-enter Servants with Supper.
¶ Why, when, I fay? ¶ Nay, good fweete Kate, be merrie!
¶ Off with my boots, you rogues! you villaines, when? [Sings
'It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.'
¶Out, you rogue! you plucke my foote awrie:
rat Civalual Thoobald ran Civan I David

125. Singing Theobald.

129. Sings.] Rowe.

Here! What [105, p. 58; 111], not supper [124] yet vppon the borde? Nor table spred, nor nothing don at all? Wheres that villaine that I sent before? [112]

San. Now, adsum, sir! [113]

Feran. Come hether, you villaine! Ile cut your nose! You Rogue: helpe me off! with my bootes! [129] [70 Seruing-men.] Wilt please you to lay the cloth? ¶ Sounes! the villaine hurts my foote! pull easely, I say: yet again! [132]

Take that [Strikes him], and mend the plucking of the other! ¶ Be merrie, Kate! ¶ Some water heere: what hoa!								
¶ Where's my Spaniel Troilus? ¶ Sirra, get you hence, 135 And bid my cozen Ferdinand come hither!								
¶ One, Kate, that you must kisse, and be acquainted with. ¶ Where are my Slippers? ¶ Shall I have some water?								
Enter one with water.								
¶ Come, Kate, and wash, & welcome heartily! ¶ You horson villaine! will you let it fall? [Strikes him. Kate. Patience, I pray you! 'twas a fault vnwilling. Pet. A horson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knaue!								
¶ Come, Kate, fit downe! I know you have a stomacke. 143 Will you give thankes, sweete Kate; or else shall I? [She sits down.								
¶ What's this? Mutton?								
I. Ser. I.								
Pet. Who brought it?								
Peter. I.								
Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meate.								
What dogges are these! Where is the rascall Cooke? 47								
How durst you, villaines, bring it from the dresser,								
And ferue it thus to me that loue it not?								
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all!								
[Throws the meat, &c. at them.								
You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmanner'd slaues! 151								
What! do you grumble? Ile be with you straight!								
Kate. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet!								
The meate was well, if you were so contented.								
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away; 155								
And I expressely am forbid to touch it,								
For it engenders choller, planteth anger;								

138. Enter . . .] F (after l. 134). 133. Strikes him.] Rowe.

[He beates them all. They couer the bord, and fetch in the meate.] Sounes! burnt and [146] skorcht! Who [145] drest this meate? [146] Will. (a Seruing-man.) Forsouth, Iohn cooke [147].

[He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates them.] Feran. Go, you villaines! bringe you me such meate? [148, 149]
Out of my sight, I say, and beare it hence!

[Come, Kate! wele have other meate provided [139, 143, 163].

IV. i. 133-157.]

And better 'twere that both of vs did fast, (Since, of our selues, our selues are chollericke,)

Then feede it with such ouer-rosted sless.

Be patient! to morr w't shalbe mended,

And, for this night, we'l fast for companie.

Come! I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. [Exeunt. 163]

Re-enter Servants Severally.

Nath. Peter, didft euer see the like?
Peter. He kils her in her owne humor.

Re-enter CURTIS a Seruant.

Grumio. Where is he?
Cur. In her chamber,
Making a fermon of continencie to her;
And railes, and fweares, and rates, that thee, poore foule,
Knowes not which way to ftand, to looke, to speake,
And fits as one new risen from a dreame.
Away, away! for he is comming hither.

[Execunt, as fast as may be.

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end fucceffefully.

My Faulcon now is fharpe, and passing emptie;
And, til she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure.

165. Re-enter . . .] Enter. F (after l. 166). 171. Exeunt.] Pope.

[70 SAN.] Is there a fire in my chamber, sir? [163] San. I, forsooth.

[Exeunt 1 Ferando and Kate. Manent seruingmen, and eate vp all the meate.

Tom. Sounes, I thinke, of my conscience, my Masters mad since he was maried!

Will. I laft, what a boxe he gaue Sander for pulling off his bootes!

Enter Ferando againe.

San. I hurt his foote for the nonce, man. Feran. Did you so, you damned villaine?

[He beates them all out againe.

² Exit Q. ² laft = laughed. ³ of Q.

Another way I haue to man my Haggard,	
To make her come, and know her Keepers call,	
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,	179
That baite, and beare, and will not be obedient.	
She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate;	
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not;	
As with the meate, some vndeseruëd fault	183
Ile finde about the making of the bed;	
And heere Ile fling the Pillow, there the Boulster,	
This way the Couerlet, another way the Sheets:	
I, and amid this hurlie, I intend	187
That all is done in reuerend care of her:	
And, in conclusion, she shal watch all night;	
And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,	
And with the clamor keepe her stil awake.	191
This is a way to kil a Wife with kindnesse;	
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor.	
He that knowes better how to tame a Shrew,	
Now let him speake! 'tis charity to shew. [Exit.	195

Feran. This humor must I holde me to a while,
To bridle and hold backe my headstrong wife
With curbes of hunger, ease, and want of sleepe [193];
Nor sleepe nor meate shall she inioie to night [182, 183]:
Ile mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make her gentlie come vnto the lure [176, p. 61].
Were she as stuborne, or as full of strength,
As were the Thracian horse Alcides tamde,
(That King Egeus fed with flesh of men,)
Yet would I pull her downe, and make her come
As hungry hawkes do flie vnto their lure [176, p. 61].

[Exit.

¹ curbes (by means) of hunger, curbes of ease.

² there O.

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda. Padua. Before Baptistas House.

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Lisio, that mistris Bianca Doth fancie any other but Lucentio?	I
I tel you, fir, the beares me faire in hand. Hor. Sir, to fatisfie you in what I haue faid,	4
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching!	[They stand by.

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

							L you read			
							t, resolue		t!	
1	uc.	I reade	that .	I profes	e, the	'Art	to Loue.	•		8
1	Bian.	And	may y	ou pro	ue, fir,	Maft	er of you	r Art!		
1	Luc.	While	you,	fweet d	eere, p	roue	Mistresse	of my	heart!	10
									[They	retire.

	L
Hor. Quicke proceeders, marry! Now, tel me, I pray,	
You that durst sweare that your mistris Bianca	12
Lou'd none in the World so wel as Lucentio.	
Tra. Oh despightful Loue! vnconstant womankind!	
I tel thee, Life, this is wonderfull.	

I tel thee, Lijio, this is wonderfull.
Hor. Mistake no more! I am not Lisso,
Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee;
But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,
For fuch a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of fuch a Cullion:
Know fir that I am cal'd Hartenfin

Know, fir, that I am cal'd Hortensio.	
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard	
Of your entire affection to Bianca;	
And fince mine eyes are witnesse of her lightnesse,	34
I wil, with you, (if you be so contented,)	•
Forfweare Bianca, and her loue for euer.	
Hor. See, how they kiffe and court! Signior Lucentia.	

63

Padua.]	Pope	B.
		Theobald.
		Luc. F.
5. They	• • •]	Theobald.

5. . . . and Lucentio.] Rowe. 6, 8. Luc.] Hor. F. 10. proue] Q. ptoue F. 13. none] Rowe. me F. [IV. ii. 1-27.

16

20

Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow	28
Neuer to woo her more; but do forsweare her,	
As one vnworthie all the former fauours	
That I haue fondly flatter'd her withall.	
Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,	32
Neuer to marrie with her, though the would intreate.	
Fie on her! fee how beaftly she doth court him!	
Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forfworn her!	
For me, that I may furely keepe mine oath,	36
I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,	3
(Ere three dayes passe,) which hath as long lou'd me,	
As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard.	
And so farewel, Signior Lucentro !	40
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes,	40
Shal win my loue: and fo I take my leaue,	
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit Hor. Luc. & BIAN. ad	uanaa
Tra. Mistris Bianca, blesse you with such grace	uunce.
As 'longeth to a Louers bleffed case!	
Nay, I haue tane you napping, gentle Loue,	45
And have forfworne you with Hortenfio.	
Right Transis was inthe house and both for Comments	
Bian. Tranio, you iest! but have you both forsworne mee?	48
Tra. Mistris, we have.	
Luc. Then we are rid of Life!	
Tra. I'faith, hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now,	
That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.	
Bian. 'God giue him ioy!'	52
Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.	
Bianca. He sayes so, Tramo.	
Tra. Faith, he is gone vnto the taming schoole.	
Bian. 'The taming schoole'! what, is there such a place?	
Tra. I, mistris, and Petruchio is the master;	56
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,	
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.	
.10 0	
29. to] Q. ro F. 31. her] F3. them F.	
35. her] Rowe.	
Walnut - (Awaren Garant) But tell I I E	1 .
Valerius [AURELIUS'S Seruant]. But tell me, my Lord, is Fer	ando
married, then? Aurelius [= LUCENTIO]. He is: and Polidor [= HORTENSIO] sh	ortle
shall be wed [51];	ortry
And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.	
Vale. He saies so.	
Aurel, Faith, he's gon vnto the taming schoole.	
Val. 'The taming schoole' I why, is there such a place !	
Aurel. I; and Ferando is the Maister of the schoole [53-56].	
IV. ii. 28-58.] 64	
04	

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Oh, Master, master, I have watcht so long,	
That I am dogge-wearie! but at last I spied	60
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,	
Wil ferue the turne, Tra. What is he, Biondello?	
Bio. Master, a Marcatantë, or a pedant,	
I know not what; but formall in apparrell,	64
In gate and countenance furely like a Father.	-4
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?	
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,	
Ile make him glad to seeme Vincentio,	68
And giue affurance to Baptista Minola,	
As if he were the right Vincentio.	
Take in your loue, and then let me alone!	
[Exeunt LUCENTIO and BL	ANCA.
Enter a Pedant.	
Ped. God faue you, fir!	
Tra, And you, fir! you are welcome.	72
Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?	, -
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a weeke or two:	
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome;	
And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.	76
Tra. What Countreyman, I pray?	
Ped. Of Mantua.	
Tra. 'Of Mantua,' Sir? marrie, God forbid!	
And come to Padua, carelesse of your life?	
Ped. My 'life,' fir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.	80
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua	
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?	
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the Duke	0
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him)	84
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly: 'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,	
You might have heard it elfe proclaim'd about.	
Ped. Alas, fir, it is worse for me then so!	88
For I haue bils for monie by exchange	00
From Florence, and must heere deliner them.	
Tra. Wel, fir, to do you courtefie,	
63. Marcatante] mercatante Ca- 71. Par. prefixed in F.	
pell. Marcantant F. 71. Take in Theobald.	Take
65. countenance] Q. eounten- me F. ance F.	
1 /2 ===================================	10.07
65 F [IV. ii. 9	9-91.

This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you:	91
First, tell me, haue you euer beene at Pisa?	
Ped. I, fir, in Pifa haue I often bin:	
Pifa renowned for graue Citizens,	
Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentia?	96
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:	
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.	
Tra. He is my father, fir; and, footh to fay,	
	00
Bion. [aside] As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.	
Tra. To faue your life in this extremitie,	
This fauor wil I do you for his fake;	
And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,	104
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.	
His name and credite shal you vndertake,	
And, in my house, you shal be friendly lodg'd:	
module that you may be mounty	08
(You vnderstand me, sir;) so shal you stay	
Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:	
If this be court'sie, sir, accept of it.	
	1,2
The patron of my life and libertie!	
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good!	
This, by the way, I let you vnderstand;	
The state of the s	16
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage	
'Twixt me, and one Baptistas daughter heere:	
In all these circumstances Ile instruct you:	
Go with me, sir, to cloath you as becomes you! [Exeunt. 1	20

101. aside] Rowe.

120. sir] F2.

Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia. PETRUCHIOS House.

Enter KATHERINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forfooth; I dare not for my life!	. 1
Ka. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:	
What! did he marrie me to famish me?	
Beggers, that come vnto my fathers doore,	4
Vpon intreatie, haue a present almes;	
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:	
But I (who neuer knew how to intreat,	
Nor neuer needed that I should intreate)	8
Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe;	
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed:	
And, that which spights me more then all these wants,	
He does it vnder name of perfect loue;	.12
As who should fay, if I should sleepe or eate,	
'Twere deadly ficknesse, or else present death.	
I prethee, go and get me fome repast!	
I care not what, fo it be holfome foode.	16
Gru. What fay you to a Neats foote?	
Kate. 'Tis passing good: I prethee let me haue it!	
Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate.	
How fay you to a fat Tripe, finely broyl'd?	20
Kate. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me!	
-	

Scena Tertia.] Scena Prima. F. 15. and aud (turned n) F.

Enter Sander and KATE, his Mistres.

San. Come, Mistris!

Kate. Sander, I prethe, helpe me to some meate! [15] I am so faint that I can scarsely stande [7, 9].

San. I, marry, Mistris, but you know my Maister has given me a charge, that you must eate nothing but that which he himselfe giveth you.

Kate. Why, man, thy Maister needs neuer know it.

San. You say true, indede. Why, looke you, Mistris, what say you to a peese of beeffe and mustard, now? [23, p. 68]

Kate. Why, I say tis excellent meate; canst thou helpe me to

some? [18] 67

[IV. iii. 1-21.

Gru. I cannot tell; I feare 'tis chollericke.	
What fay you to a peece of Beefe, and Mustard?	
Kate. A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.	24
Gru. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.	
Kate. Why, then, the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest!	
Gru. Nay, then, I wil not: you shal have the Mustard,	
Or else you get no beefe of Grumio.	28
Kate. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt!	
Gru. Why, then the Mustard without the beefe.	
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue,	
[Beats h	im.
That feed'st me with the verie name of meate!	32
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you,	
That triumph thus vpon my mifery!	
Go get thee gone, I fay!	35
D . D	

Enter Petruchio with meate; and Hortensio.

Petr. How fares my Kate? What, fweeting! all a-mort?

33. of] Q. os F. Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate. F.

San. I, I could helpe you to some, but that I doubt the mustard is too collerick for you [19, p. 67; 22, 25]. But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?

Kate. Why [26], any thing; I care not what it be [29].

San. I, but the garlike (I doubt) will make your breath stincke, and then my Maister will course me for letting you eate it. But what say you to a fat Capon?

Kate. Thats meate for a king: sweet Sandar, helpe me to some of it! San. Nay, berlady! then tis too deere for vs; we must not meddle

with the kings meate.

Kate. Out, villaine! dost thou mocke me? [31, 32] Take that for thy sawsinesse! [She beates him. San. Sounes! are you so light fingerd? with a murrin! Ile keepe

you fasting for it this two daies.

Kate. I tell thee, villaine, Ile tear the flesh off 1 thy face and eate it, and thou prates to me thus!

San. Here comes my Maister! now hele course you.

Enter Ferando with a peece of meate vppon his daggers point; and Polidor with him.

Feran. Se here, Kate! I have provided meate for thee [39, 40, p. 69].

Hor. Mistris, what cheere? Faith, as cold as can be. Kate. Pet. Plucke vp thy spirits! looke cheerfully vpon me!

Heere, Loue; thou feest how diligent I am, To dreffe thy meate my felfe, and bring it thee: Sets the dish on a table.

I am fure, fweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thankes. What! not a word? Nay, then, thou lou'st it not; And all my paines is forted to no proofe.

[To GRU.] Heere, take away this dish! I pray you, let it fland! 44 Pet. The poorest service is repaide with thankes;

And fo shall mine, before you touch the meate.

Kate. I thanke you, fir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.

¶ Come, Mistris Kate! Ile beare you companie. Petr. [aside to Hor.] Eate it vp all, Hortenfio, if thou

lou'st mee! [To KATH.] Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart!

40. Sets . . . table. | Capell (after 1. 39).

48. to] too F. 50. lou'st] louest F.

Here take it! What! ist not worthie thankes? [41, 42]

¶ Goe, sirra, take it awaie againe! [44]

TYou shallbe thankefull for the next you have.

Kate. Why, I thanke you for it [47]. Feran. Nay, now tis not worth a pin. TGo, sirray, and take it hence, I say!

San. Yes, sir, Ile carrie it hence. Maister, let her haue none! for she can fight, as hungrie as she is.

Pol. I pray you, sir, let it stand! for Ile eate some with her my

Feran. Well, sirra, set it downe againe!
Kate. Nay, nay, I pray you, let him take it hence;

And keepe it for your owne diete, for Ile none! Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate!

I tell thee flatlie here vnto thy 1 teethe,

Thou shalt not keepe me, nor feede me as thou list; For I will home againe vnto my fathers house!

Feran. I, when you'r meeke and gentell, but not before [71, 72, p. 70]. I know your stomack is not yet come downe;

48

Kate, eate apace! and now, my honie Loue,	52
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house;	
And reuell it as brauely as the best,	
With filken Coats and Caps, and golden Rings, With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things,	56
With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry	50
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry.	58
What, hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leasure,	30
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.	60
Enter Tailor.	
¶ Come, Tailor, let vs fee thefe ornaments!	
Lay forth the gowne!	
Enter Haberdasher.	
¶ What newes with you, fir	
Fel. (Hab.) Heere is the cap, your Worship did bespe	ake.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porrenger!	64
A Veluet dish! fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy!	
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,	
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap!	
Away with it! come, let me haue a bigger!	68
Kate. Ile haue no bigger: this doth fit the time,	
And Gentlewomen weare fuch caps as thefe. Pet. When you are 'gentle,' you shall have one too,	
And not till then.	
And not the them.	
62. Enter Haberdasher.] F (after l. 61). 63. Hab.] Rowe.	
Therefore no maruell that thou canste not eate.	
-And I will goe vnto your Fathers house [53: 166, 179, 180, pp. 74.	75]—
¶ Come, Polidor, let vs goe in againe! ¶ And, Kate, come in with vs! I know, ere longe,	
That thou and I shall louingly agree. [Ex. Or	mnes.
[Here, in Q., a scene intervenes which resembles IV. tv. in F.]	
Enter Ferando, and Kate, and Sander.	
San. Master, the haberdasher has brought my Mistresse hom	e her
cappe here.	
Feran. [to Haberdasher.] Come hither, sirra! what have	you
there? [62] Habar. A veluet cappe, sir, and it please you [63].	
Feran. Who spoake for it? Toldst thou, Kate?	
IV. iii. 52-71.] 70	

Hor. [aside] That will not be in haft.	72			
Kate. Why, fir, I trust I may have leave to speake;				
And speake I will! I am no childe, no babe:				
Your betters haue indur'd me fay my minde,				
And, if you cannot, best you stop your eares!	76			
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,				
Or els my heart, concealing it, wil breake;				
And, rather then it shall, I will be free,				
Euen to the vttermost, as I please, in words!	80			
Pet. Why, thou faift true; it is a paltrie cap,				
A custard-coffen, a bauble, a filken pie:				
I loue thee well, in that thou lik'ft it not.				
Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap;	. 84			
And it I will have, or I will have none! [Exit Haberdasher.				
Pet. Thy gowne? why, I: ¶ come, Tailor, let vs fee't!				
Oh mercie, God! what masking stuffe is heere?				
What's this? a fleeue? 'tis like a demi cannon:	88			
What! vp and downe, caru'd like an apple Tart?				
Heer's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,				
Like to a Cenfor in a barbers shoppe:				
Why, what, a deuils name, Tailor, cal'st thou this?	92			
Hor. [aside] I fee shee's like to have neither cap nor gowne.				
Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,				
72. aside] Hanmer. Edd.				
81. a] F2. 88. a] F2.				

72.	aside] Hanmer.	E	ld.		
81.	a] F2.		88.	a] F2.	
85.	Exit Haberdasher.]	Camb.	93.	aside] Theobald.	

Kate. What if I did? TCome hither, sirra! giue me the cap! lle see if it will fit me. [She sets it one 1 hir head. Feran. O monstrous! why, it becomes thee not: let me see it, Kate! [66, p. 70] There, sirra, take it hence [68, p. 70]. This cappe is out of fashion, quite.

Kate. The fashion is good inough: belike you meane to make a foole

Feran. Why, true; he meanes to make a foole of thee [103, 104, p. 72], To have thee put on such a curtald cappe. [Exit Haberdasher. I Sirra, begon with it!

Enter the Taylor with a gowne.

San. Here is the Taylor too, with my Mistris gowne. Feran. Let me see it, Taylor! [86] What, with cuts [89, 90] and

According to the fashion, and the time. Pet. Marrie, and did; but, if you be remembred, I did not bid you marre it to the time.	96
Go hop me ouer euery kennell home,	
For you shall hop without my custome, fir!	
Ile none of it: hence! make your best of it!	100
Kate. I neuer faw a better fashion'd gowne!	
More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:	
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.	
Pet. Why, true; he meanes to 'make a puppet' of the	e. 104
Tail. She faies your Worship meanes to 'make a pu	ippet '
of her.	
Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance! Thou lyest, thou	thred,
thou thimble,	
Thou yard, three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile!	108
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou Winter Cricket, thou!	
Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred?	
Away, thou Ragge, thou Quantitie, thou Remnant;	
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,	112
As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liu'st!	
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne!	
Tail. Your worship is deceiu'd; the gowne is made	
Iust as my master had direction:	116
Grumio gaue order how it should be done.	
Gru. I gaue him no order; I gaue him the stuffe.	
Tail. But how did you defire it should be made?	
Gru. Marrie, fir, with needle and thred.	120
Tail. But did you not request to have it cut?	
Gru. Thou haft fac'd many things. Tail. I haue.	
	123
Gru. Face not mee! Thou hast brau'd manie men; not me! I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd! I fay vote	braue
I bid thy Master cut out the gowne; but I did not bid	d him
cut it to peeces: Ergo, thou lieft.	a mill
Tail. Why, heere is the note of the fashion to testify.	128
Pet. Reade it!	120
a ter accure it.	

72

IV. iii. 95-129.]

iagges? Sounes, you villaine! thou hast spoiled the gowne! [114]
Taylor. Why, sir, I made it as your man gaue me direction [115,116].
You may read the note [128] there.
Feran. [to SAN.] Come hither, sirra! Taylor, reade the note! [129]

Gru. The note lies in's throate, if he fay I faid fo.
Tail. [reads] Inprimis, a loofe bodied gowne: 131
Gru. Mafter, if euer I faid 'loofe-bodied gowne,' fow me
in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bottome of
browne thred! I faid 'a gowne.'
Pet. Proceede!
Tai. [reads] With a small compast cape: 136
Gru. I confesse the cape.
Tai. [reads] With a trunke fleeue:
Gru. I confesse two sleeues.
Tai. [reads] The Seeues curiously cut. 140
Pet. I, there's the villanie.
Gru. Error i'th bill, fir; error i'th bill! ¶ I commanded

Gru. Error i'th bill, fir; error i'th bill! ¶ I commanded the sleeues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe; and that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tail. This is true that I fay: and I had thee in place

where, thou shouldst know it!

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue me thy meat-yard, and spare not me!

149

Hor. God-a-mercie, Grumio! then hee shall have no oddes.

131, 136, 138, 140. reads] Capell.

Taylor. [reads] 'Item, a faire round compast cape' [136]. San. I, thats true. Taylor. [reads] 'And a large truncke sleeve' [138]. San. Thats a lie, Maister; I said, two truncke sleeues [139]. Feran. Well, sir, goe forward! Tailor. [reads] 'Item, a loose bodied gowne.' San. Maister, if euer I sayd, 'loose bodies gowne'; sew me in a seame, and beate me to death with a bottome of browne thred! [132-134] Tailor. I made it as the note bad me [128, p. 72]. San. I say, the note lies in his throate, and thou too, and thou sayst Taylor. Nay, nay, nere be so hot, sirra; for I feare you not! San. Doost thou heare, Taylor? thou hast braued many men; braue not me! [124, 125, p. 72] thou'st faste many men [122, p. 72]; ... Taylor. Well, sir. San. Face not me! [124, p. 72] He nether be faste nor braued at thy handes, I can tell thee [125, p. 72]. Kate. Come, come! I like the [84, p. 71] fashion of it well enough: here's more a do than needs; Ile haue it [85, p. 71]. And if you do not like it, hide your eies [76, p. 71];

73

Pet. Well, fir, in breefe, the gowne is not for me.
Gru. You are i'th right, fir: 'tis for my mistris.
Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse! 153
Gru. Villaine, not for thy life! Take vp my Mistresse
gowne for 'thy masters vse'!
Pet. Why, fir, what's your conceit in that?
Gru. Oh, fir, the conceit is deeper then you think for: 157
'Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vse'!
Oh, fie, fie, fie! [paide.
Pet. [aside to Hor.] Hortenfio, fay thou wilt fee the Tailor
[To TAI.] Go take it hence! be gone, and fay no more! 161
Hor. [aside] Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow:
Take no vnkindnesse of his hastie words!
Away! I say; commend me to thy master! [Exit Tail.
Pet. Well, come, my Kate! we will vnto your fathers,
Euen in these honest, meane habiliments: 166
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore;
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich;
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit!
What! is the Iay more precious then the Larke,
Because his feathers are more beautifull?
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poore furniture, and meane array.
T 41.1.1. T .3 .11.1 .3.1 . 1 . 111

I think I shall have nothing by your will. Feran. Go, I say, and take it up for your Maisters use [153].

San. Souns, villaine! not for thy life! touch it not! Souns! 'take vp my Mistris gowne to his Maisters use! [154, 155]
Feran. Well, sir, whats your conceit of it? [156]
San. I have a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for: 'take vp my

Mistris gowne to his Maisters use? [157, 158]

Feran. Tailor, come hether [162]. [Aside to Tailor.] For this time take it hence againe [161], and He content thee for thy paines [162]. Exit Taylor. Taylor. I thanke you, sir.

Feran. Come, Kate! we now will go see thy fathers house, Euen in these honest, meane abilliments:

Our purses shall be rich, our garments plaine [165-167],

The morning is well up: let's hast away!

IV. iii. 151-176.]

If thou account'ft it shame, lay it on me;		
And therefore frolicke! we will hence forthwith,	178	
To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house.	-/-	
[To GRU.] Go call my men, and let vs straight to him	:	
And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end!	,	
There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote.	182	
¶ Let's fee; I thinke 'tis now fome feuen a clocke,	101	
And well we may come there by dinner time.		
Kate. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;		
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.	186	
Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse!	100	
Looke, what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,		
You are still crossing it! ¶ Sirs, let't alone!		
I will not goe to day; and ere I doe,	100	
It shall be what a clock I say it is.	190	
Hor. [aside] Why, fo! this gallant will comma	nd the	
funne. [Example of this gallant will comma	nt. 192	
LEAGUI	11. 192	
Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta.		
Padua. Before Baptistas House.		
Enter TRANIO; and the Pedant drest like VINCENTIO		
Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?	1	
Ped. I, what else? and, but I be deceiuëd,		
Signior Baptista may remember me,		
Neere twentie yeares agoe, in Genoa,		
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus. Tra. Tis well; and hold your owne, in any case,		
With fuch austeritie as 'longeth to a father.		
	_	
177. account st Rowe, account 1. Sir Theobald, Sirs edst F. 5, 6, Where Pepasu		
edst F. 5, 6. Where Pegasu 'Tis] Theobald. Tra	s. Tra.	
186. And] Aud (turned n) F. 'Tis] Theobald. Tra Before] Capell. 'Tis Pegasus, Tis F.	. *********	
It will be nine a clocke ere we come there [183, 184]. Kate. 'Nine a clocke'? why, tis allreadie past two in the after	ernoone	
by all the clocks in the towne! [185]	anoone,	
Feran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning!		
Kate. I say tis tow a clock in the after noone!		
Feran. It shall be nine, then, ere we go to your fathers [187]. Come backe againe! we will not go to day [190].		
Nothing but crossing of me still / [189]		
Ile haue you say as I doo ere you go [191]. [Exeunt	omnes.	
75 [IV. iii. 177-192;		

Enter BIONDELLO.

Twere good he were school'd.	0	
Tra, Feare you not him! ¶ Sirra Biondello!		
Now doe your dutie throughlie, I aduise you:		
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio !	11	
Bion. Tut, feare not me! Tra, But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?		
Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice;	-6	
And that you look't for him this day at Padua.	16	
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow; hold thee that to drinke!		
[To Ped.] Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir!		
Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO. (Pedant booted and bare		
headed.)		
Tra. Signior Baptista, you are happilie met!		
[70 Ped.] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:	20	
I pray you, stand good father to me now,		
Giue me Bianca for my patrimony!		
Ped. Soft, fon!		
¶ Sir, by your leave! having com to Padua	24	
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio		
Made me acquainted with a waighty cause		
Of loue betweene your daughter and himselfe;		
And, (for the good report I heare of you;	28	
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,		
And she to him,) to stay him not too long,		
I am content, in a good fathers care,		
To haue him matcht; and, (if you please to like	32	
No worse then I,) vpon some agreement,		
Me shall you finde readie and willing,		
With one consent to have her so bestowed;		
For curious I cannot be with you,		
Signior Baptista, of whom I heare so well.		
Bap, Sir, pardon me in what I have to fay!		
Your plainnesse, and your shortnesse, please me well.		
Right true it is, your sonne Lucentio here	40	
Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him,		
Or both dissemble deepely their affections;		
And therefore, if you say no more then this,		
That, like a Father, you will deale with him,	44	
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,		
,		

The match is made, and all is done:	
Your fonne shall have my daughter with consent.	
Tra. I thanke you, sir. Where then doe you know best	48
We be affied, and such affurance tane,	
As shall, with either parts agreement, stand?	
Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,	
'Pitchers haue eares,' and I haue manie seruants:	52
Besides, old Gremio is harkning still;	5-
And, happilie, we might be interrupted.	
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you:	
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,	56
Weele passe the businesse privately and well.	30
Send for your daughter by your feruant here!	
My Boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie.	
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,	60
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.	
Bap. It likes me well. ¶ Cambio, hie you home!	
And bid Bianca make her readie straight;	
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,	64
Lucentios Father is arrived in Padua,	
And how she's like to be Lucentios wife.	
Luc. I praie the gods she may, with all my heart!	
Tran. Dallie not with 'the gods,' but get thee gone!	68
[Exit]	Lvc.
¶ Signior Baptista, shall I leade the way?	
Welcome! one messe is like to be your cheere:	
Come, fir! we will better it in Pifa.	
Bap. I follow you. [Exeunt. Manet BIONDELLO.	72
Do autou I vonumen	
Re-enter LUCENTIO.	
Bion. Cambio!	
Luc. What faist thou, Biondello?	
Biond. You faw my Master winke and laugh vpon you?	
Luc. Biondello, what of that?	76
Biond. Faith, nothing; but has left mee here behinde, to expe	ound
the meaning or morrall of his fignes and tokens.	
Luc. I pray thee, moralize them!	
Biond. Then thus: Baptista is safe, talking with the deceive	aing
Father of a deceitfull sonne.	81
64. happened] Capell. hapned sibly Petruchio's servant (see I	V. i.
F. 119, 145, 165), sent on to anno	unce
67. Luc.] Rowe. Biond. Fin a line afterwards cut out-	-his
68. Exit Luc.] Exit. F (after l. master's approach.	
67). 72. Re-enter Lucentio.] E	Inter
68. F adds 'Enter Peter.' Pos- Lucentio and Biondello. F.	
77 [IV. iv. 4	5-81

Luc. And what of him?	
Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the fu	pper.
Luc, And then?	84
Bio. The old Priest at St. Lukes Church is at your co.	mmand at all
houres.	
Luc. And what of all this?	87
Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about	a counterfeit
assurance: take you assurance of her, 'Cum privilegio ad	
folum!' to th' Church! take the Priest, Clarke, and so	me sufficient,
honest witnesses!	91
If this be not that you looke for, I have no more to fay,	
But bid Bianca farewell for euer and a day.	Going. 93
Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?	
Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench maried	in an after-
noone as shee went to the Garden for Parseley	
Rabit; and so may you, fir: and so, adew, fir!	
hath appointed me to goe to Saint Lukes, to bid the Pr	
to come, against you come with your appendix.	Exit.
Luc. I may, and will, if the be so contented;	100
She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt?	100
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:	
It shall goe hard if Cambio goe without her.	[Exit. 103
at man got mard it comoso got without her.	[103

Actus Quartus. Scena Quinta.

Long-lane.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATE, HORTENTIO, and Seruants.

Petr. Come on, a Gods name! once more toward our fathers!

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the Moone!

Kate. 'The Moone'! the Sunne! it is not Moonelight now.

Pet. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.

Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.

88. except] F2. expect F.	92. for] fot F. 93. Going.] Capell.
89. Cum solum] F2. Cum	93. Going.] Capell.
preuilegio ad Impremendum solem F.	Edd. Camb.

Feran, Come, Kate! the Moone shines cleere to night, methinkes. Kate. 'The Moone'! [3] why, husband, you are deceiud; it is the Sun [5].

IV. iv. 82-103; v. 1-5.]

Pet. Now, by my mothers fonne, and that's my felfe, It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list, Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house! [To a Seruant.] Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe! ¶ Euermore croft and croft; nothing but croft! Hort. [to KATH.] Say as he faies, or we shall neuer goe! Kate. Forward, I pray, fince we have come fo farre! And be it moone, or funne, or what you pleafe: And if you please to call it a Rush Candle, Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me! Petr. I fay it is the Moone. I know it is the Moone. 16 Kate. Petr. Nay, then you lye: it is the bleffed Sunne. Kate. Then, God be bleft, it is the bleffed fun! But sunne it is not, when you say it is not; And the Moone changes euen as your minde: 20 What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is, And so, it shall be so, for Katherine. Hort. Petruchio, goe thy waies; the field is won! Petr. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowle should run, And not vnluckily against the Bias. But foft! Company is comming here.

Enter VINCENTIO.

[To VINCENTIO.] Good morrow, gentle Miftris! where away

17. then] theu (turned n) F. 18. is] Q. in F. 27. To Vincentio.] Rowe.

Feran. Yet againe! Come backe againe [9], it shall be the Moone ere we come at your fathers! [7, 8]

Kate. Why, Ile say as [11] you say, it is the Moone [16].

Feran. Iesus saue the glorious Moone!

Kate. 'Iesus saue the glorious Moone'!

Feran. I am glad, Kate, your stomack is come downe.

I know it well thou knowest it is the sun;

But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,

And crosse me now, as thou hast donne before:

And trust me, Kate, hadst thou not named the moone,

We had gon back againe, as sure as death!

But, soft! whose this thats comming here? [26]

Enter the Duke of Cestus [= VINCENTIO] alone.

Duke. Thus all alone from Cestus am I come;

79

[IV. v. 6-27.

Tell me, fweete Kate, and tell me truely too, 28
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman?
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
¶ Faire louely Maide, once more, good day to thee!
¶ Sweete Kate, embrace her for her beauties fake!
Hort. A will make the man mad to make a woman of him.
Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweet, 36
Whether away, or where is thy aboade?
Happy the Parents of so faire a childe;
Happier the man, whom fauourable stars
Alots thee for his louely bedfellow!
Petr. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a Man, old, wrinckled, faded, withered;
And not a Maiden, as thou faift he is.
Kate. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eies, 44
35. a woman F2. the woman F. 37. where is F2. whether is F.
35. a woman] F2. the woman F. 37. where is] F2. whether is F.
And left my princelie courte, and noble traine,
To come to Athens; and, in this disguise,
To see what course my son Aurelius takes.
But, stay! heres some, it may be, trauells thether.
Good sir, can you derect me the way to Athens?
[Ferando speakes to the olde man.
Feran. Faire, louely maide! young, and affable! [33]
More cleere of hew, and far more beautifull,
Then pretious Sardonix, or purple rockes
Of Amithests or glistering Hiasinthe!
More amiable farre then is the plaine
Where glistring Cepherus, in siluer boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant Andromede!
I Sweet Kate, entertaine this louely woman! [34]
Duke, I thinke the man is mad: he calles me a woman! [35]
Kate. Faire, louely lady! bright and Christalline! [36]
Bewteous and stately as the eie-traind bird! As glorious as the morning washt with dew [II. i. 173],
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
(And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes!)
Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning Zone,
With sweet reflections of thy landy face [40]

IV. v.] The Taming of the Shrew.

That have bin fo bedazled with the funne,	
That every thing I looke on feemeth greene!	
Now I perceive thou art a reverent Father;	
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking!	48
Petr. Do, good old grandfire; &, withall, make known	
Which way thou trauelleft! if along with vs,	
We shall be joyfull of thy companie.	
Vin. Faire Sir, (¶ and you, my merry Mistris,	52
That with your ftrange encounter much amasse me,)	J-
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling, Pifa;	
And bound I am to Padua; there to visite	
A fonne of mine, which long I have not feene.	56
Petr. What is his name?	5~
Vinc. Lucentio, gentle fir.	
Petr. Happily met! the happier for thy fonne!	
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,	
I may intitle thee my louing 'Father':	бо
The fifter to my wife, this Gentlewoman,	00
The line to my wife, this Gentlewonian, Thy Sonne by this hath married. Wonder not,	
Nor be not grieued! she is of good esteeme,	6.
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;	64
Befide, fo qualified as may beforeme	
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman.	
Let me imbrace with old Vincentio!	60
And wander we to fee thy honeft fonne,	68
Who will, of thy arrivall, be full ioyous.	
Vinc. But is this true? or is it elfe your pleasure	
(Like pleasant trauailors) to breake a lest	
Vpon the companie you ouertake?	72
Hort. I doe affure thee, father, fo it is.	
Petr. Come, goe along, and fee the truth hereof!	
For our first merriment hath made thee iealous.	
[Exeunt. Manet H	
Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.	76
Haue to my Widdow! and if she be froward,	
Then hast thou taught Hortentio to be vntoward. [Exit.	78

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima,

Padua, Before Lucentios House.
Enter behind BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA. (GREMIO is out before.)
Biond. Softly and swiftly, sir! for the Priest is ready. Luc. I slie, Biondello: but they may chance to neede thee at home;
Biond. Nay, faith, Ile see the Church a your backe, and then come backe to my masters as soone as I can.
[Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello, Gre. I maruaile Cambio comes not all this while.
Enter PETRUCHIO, KATE, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, with Attendants.
Petr. [to VIN.] Sir, here's the doore, this is Lucentio's house: My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.
Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go: I thinke I shall command your welcome here; And, by all likelihood, some cheere is toward. [Knock, 12]
Grem. They're busie within; you were best knocke lowder. [VIN. knocks again.
Pedant lookes out of the avindow,
Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe the gate? Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, fir?
Ped. He's within, fir, but not to be spoken withall. Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make
merrie withall. Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe! hee shall neede
none, fo long as I live.
Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in Padua [70 Ped.] Do you heare, sir ? (to leaue friuolous circumstances,) I pray
you, tell fignior Lucentio, that his Father is come from Pifa, and is here at the doore to speake with him.
Ped. Thou liest! his Father is come from Padua, and here looking
out at the window.

	Vin. Art thou his father? Ped. I, sir; so his mother saies,	if I may believe her.	28
	Before] Pope. Bianca] Q. Bianea F. 5. masters] Capell. mistris F. 5. Exeunt Biondello.] Rowe.	Exit. F (after l. 3). So F to Padua Pope. Mantua [aside] Capell. Pisa Malone (Tyrwhitt conj.).	from from
V	'. i. 1-28.]		

Petr. [to VINCENTIO] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knauerie, to take vpon you another mans name.

Peda. Lay hands on the villaine! I beleeue a meanes to cofen fome bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bio. I have feene them in the Church together; God fend'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old Master Vincentio! now wee are vndone and brought to nothing!

Vin. [seeing BIONDELLO] Come hither, crackhempe!

Bion. I hope I may choose, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue! What, haue you forgot mee? 38
Biond. 'Forgot' you! no, fir: I could not forget you, for I neuer
faw you before in all my life.

Vinc. What, you notorious villaine, didft thou neuer fee thy Masters father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipfull old master? yes, marie, sir! see where he lookes out of the window!

Vin. Ist so, indeede? [He beates BIONDELLO. 45
Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe! here's a mad man will murder me! [Exit.
Pedan. Helpe, sonne! ¶ helpe, signior Baptista! [Exit from aboue.
Petr. Preethe, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this
controuerse! [They retire.

Enter below, Pedant with feruants: BAPTISTA, and TRANIO.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beate my feruant? 50 Vinc. What am I, fir! nay, what are you, fir? Oh immortall Goddes! Oh fine villaine! A filken doublet! a veluet hose! a fearlet cloake! and a copataine hat! Oh, I am vndone! I am vndone! while I plaie the good husband at home, my fonne and my feruant spend all at the vniuersitie.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bapt. What, is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a mad man. Why, sir, what 'cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold? I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy 'father'! Oh villaine! he is a Saile-maker in Bergamo Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir: praie what do you thinke is his name?

Vin. 'His name'! as if I knew not his name! I have brought him up euer fince he was three yeeres old, and his name is Transo.

29. to Vincentio] Capell.

35. brought] Q. brough F.

36. seeing Biondello.] Rowe. 42. Masters] F2. Mistris F. 47. Exit . . .] Capell.

49. They retire.] Theobald. 52. doublet doubtlet F.

66. Tranio] F2. Tronio F.

Ped. Awaie, awaie, mad alle!	his name is Lucentio; and he is
	e Lands of me, fignior Vincentio. 68
	urdred his Master! ¶ Laie hold on
	ame! (Oh, my sonne, my sonne!)
[70 TRA.] Tell me, thou villaine,	where is my ion Lucentio?
Tra. Call forth an officer!	72
Enter one with	h an Officer.
Carrie this mad knaue to the Iail	e! ¶ Father Baptista, I charge you
fee that hee be forth comming!	or all a delices Despriyed, I change you
Vinc. Carrie me to the 'Iaile'!	
Gre. Staie, officer! he shall not	go to prison. 76
Bap. Talke not, fignior Gremio	/ I (sie he shall one to prison
Gre Take heede fignior Ratti	Ma, least you be conicatcht in this
businesse! I dare sweare this is the	
Ped. Sweare, if thou dar'ft!	80
Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.	
Tran. Then thou wert best saie	
Gre. Yes, I know thee to be fig	
Bap. Awaie with the dotard! to	
Vin. Thus strangers may be hail	
Oh monstrous villaine!	ou and abuid,
	ucentio, and Bianca.
Bion. Oh, we are spoil'd! and .	yonder he is : denie him, for-
fweare him, or else we are all vndo	ne! 88
Luc. Pardon, sweete father!	[Luc. & Bian, kneele,
	ues my sweete sonne?
[Exeunt BIONDELLO, TRA	NIO, and Pedant, as fast as may be.
Bian. Pardon, deere father!	
Bap. [to BIAN.]	ow haft thou offended ?
¶ Where is Lucentio?	
Luc. Here's Luci	entio,
Right sonne to the right Vincentio	92
That have by marriage made thy	daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleer'd	thine eine. 94
Gre. Here's packing, with a wit	nesse, to deceive vs all!
Vin. Where is that damned vills	tine Tranio,
That fac'd and braued me in this r	natter fo?
Bap. Why, tell me, is not this n	
Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lu	
Luc. Loue wrought these miracle	
60 771 337 - 12	06 D
69. Vin.] Ven. F.	86. Re-enter Bianca.] Enter
72. Enter] Capell. 77. Talke] Talke F.	89. Exeunt] Exit F
	(after 1. 88).
1, 1, 0/-100.]	4

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
And happilie I have arrived at the last
Vnto the wished hauen of my blisse:
What Tranio did, my selfe enforst him to;
Then pardon him, sweete Father, for my sake!
Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose, that would have sent me to the Iaile!
Bap. But doe you heare, fir? haue you married my daughter
without asking my good will?
Vin. Feare not, Baptista! we will content you, goe to! but I will
in to be reueng'd for this villanie. [Exit.
Bap. And I, to found the depth of this knauerie. [Exit. 112
Luc. Looke not pale, Bianca! thy father will not frown.
[Exeunt Lucentio and Blanca.
Gre. My 'cake is dough,' but Ile in among the rest;
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [Exit. 115
PETRUCHIO and KATHERINA advance.
Kate. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.
Petr. First kisse me, Kate, and we will.
Kate. What, in the midst of the streete?
Petr. What! art thou asham'd of me?
Kate. No, sir, God forbid! but asham'd to kisse.
Petr. Why, then, let's home againe! ¶ Come, Sirra, let's awaie!
Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kisse: now, praie thee, Loue, staie!
Petr. Is not this well? Come, my sweete Kate!
Better once then neuer, for neuer's too late. [Exeunt. 124
Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

Padua. LUCENTIOS House.

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, Lu-CENTIO, and BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, HOR-TENSIO, and Widdow, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO: The Seruingmen with TRANIO bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our iarring notes agree: And time it is, when raging warre is done, To fmile at scapes and perils ouerblowne.

113. Exeunt Bianca.] Ca-	124. 100 to F.
pell. Exeunt. F.	Bianca, Grumio : The
115. Exit.] Rowe.] Bianca. Tranio, Bion-
120. No] Q. Mo F.	dello, Grumio, and Widdow: The
124. neuer] ueuer (turned n) F.	F.
124. neuer's] Anon, conj. neuer F.	2. done] Rowe. come F.
8	5 [V. i. 101-124; ii. 1-3.

	ly faire Bianca, bid my father welcome!	4
Wh	ile I, with selfesame kindnesse, welcome thine.	
¶ B	rother Petruchio, I fifter Katerina,	
¶A	nd thou, Hortentio, I with thy louing Widdow,	
Fea	ft with the best, and welcome to my house!	8
My	Banket is to close our stomakes vp,	
Afte	er our great good cheere. Praie you, fit downe!	
	now we fit to chat, as well as eate.	
P	Petr. Nothing but fit and fit, and eate and eate!	12
	Bap. Padua affords this kindnesse, sonne Petruchio.	
	Petr. Padua affords nothing but what is kinde.	
	Hor. For both our fakes, I would that word were true	2.
	Pet. Now, for my life, Hortentio feares his Widow!	16
	Vid. Then neuer trust me, if I be affeard.	
	Petr. You are verie sencible, and yet you misse my fer	nce:
Im	eane, Hortentio is afeard of you.	
L	Vid. He that is giddie, thinks the world turns round.	20
	Petr. Roundlie replied!	
	Mistris, how meane you that	+ 2
	Vid. Thus I conceiue by him.	
	Petr. 'Conceiues' by me! How likes Hortentio that	3
	Ior. My Widdow faies, thus she 'conceiues' her tale.	
	Petr. Verie well mended! ¶ Kisse him for that,	
1	Widdow!	good
Z/	Tat. 'He that is giddie, thinkes the world turnes roun	d.
	aie you, tell me what you meant by that!	iu .
	Vid. Your housband, being troubled with a shrew,	28
	afures my husbands forrow by his woe:	20
	I now you know my meaning.	
	Tate. A verie meane 'meaning.' Right! I 'meane'	7013
	Tat. And I am 'meane,' indeede, respecting you.	32
	etr. To her, Kate	
	dor. To her, Widdow!	
P	etr. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down!	.6
	for. That's my office.	36
P	etr. Spoke like an Officer: ha' to thee, lad!	
	Drinkes to Horten	TIO.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quicke witted folkes?	
Gre. Beleeue me, fir, they But together well.	
Bian. Head, and 'But'! an haftie witted bodie	40
Would fay, your Head and 'But' were head and horne.	
Vin. I, Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?	
Bian. I, but not frighted me; therefore Ile sleepe again	ne.
Petr. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,	44
Haue at you for a better 1 iest or two!	
Bian. Am I your Bird? I meane to shift my bush;	
And then purfue me as you draw your Bow!	
You are welcome all!	48
[Exit BIANCA with KATHERINA, and Widd	
Petr. She hath preuented me. ¶ Here, fignior Tranio!	
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;	
Therefore a health to all that shot and mist! [Dri	nks.
Tra. Oh, fir, Lucentio slipt me like his Gray-hound,	52
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.	5
Petr. A good fwift fimile, but fomething currish.	
Tra. 'Tis well, fir, that you hunted for your felfe:	
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie.	56
Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now!	3
Luc. I thanke thee for that gird, good Tranio!	
Hor. Confesse, confesse! hath he not hit you here?	
Petr. A has a little gald me, I confesse;	60
And, as the Iest did glaunce awaie from me,	
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.	
Bap. Now, in good fadnesse, sonne Petruchio,	
I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.	64
Petr. Well, I fay, no! and therefore, fir, affurance!	
¹ So F. bitter Capell (Theobald 51. Drinks.] Capell. conj). 52 Tra.] Tri. F.	
45. two] F3. too F. 62. two] Rowe. too F.	
Feran. Come, gentlemen, now that suppers donne, how shall	l we
spend the time till we go to bed? Aurel. Faith, if you will, in triall of our wives,	
Who will come sownest at their husbands call [68, p. 88].	
Pol. Nay, then, Ferando he must needes sit out:	
For he may call (I thinke) till he be weary,	
Before his wife will come before she list. Feran. Tis well for you that haue such gentle wiues;	
Yet, in this triall, will I not sit out:	
,,,	

Let's each one fend vnto his wife: And he, whose wife is most obedient, To come at first when he doth fend for her. 68 Shall win the wager which we will propose. Hort. Content! what's the wager? Twentie crownes? Luc. Petr. 'Twentie crownes'! Ile venture fo much of my Hawke or Hound, 72 But twentie times fo much vpon my Wife! Luc. A hundred, then! Hor. Content! A match! 'tis done! Petr.

It may be, Kate will come as soone as yours [68]. Aurel. My wife comes soonest, for a hundred pound! [74] Pol. I take it! Faith, Ile lay as much to youres [72], That my wife comes as soone as I do send! Aurel. How now, Ferando! you dare not lay, belike? Feran. Why, true, I dare not lay, indeede; but how? So little money on so sure a thing. 'A hundred pound'! why, I have layd as much V ton my dogge, in running at a Deere [72, 73]. She shall not come so farre, for such a trifle! But will you lay fine hundred markes with me? And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call [67]. And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him, Let him injoye the wager I have laid? [69] Now, what say you? dare you aduenture thus? [72] Pol. I, weare it a thousand pounds, I durst presume On my wifes lone! and I will lay with thee.

Enter Alfonso.

Alfon. How now, sons! What, in conference so hard! May I, without offence, know where abouts? Aurel. Faith, father, a waighty cause about our wines. Fine hundred markes already we have layd [74]; And he, whose wife doth shew most love to him [67], He must inioie the wager to himselfe [69]. Alfon. Why, then, Ferando he is sure to lose! ¶ I promise thee, son, thy wife will hardly come, And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much. Feran. Tush, father, were it ten times more [73], I durst aduenture on my louely Kate ! [72, 73] But, if I lose, He pay; Tand so shall you. Aurel. Vpon mine honour, if I loose, Ile pay! Pol. And so will I; vpon my faith I vow! Feran. Then sit we downe, and let vs send for them ! V. ii. 66-74.]

The Talling of the Shirt	
Hor. Who shall begin?	
Luc. That will I.	76
¶ Goe, Biondello, bid your Mistris come to me!	
	Exit.
Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, Bianca comes.	
Luc. Ile haue no halues; Ile beare it all my felfe.	80
Re-enter BIONDELLO.	
How now! what newes?	
Bio. Sir, my Mistris sends you word	
That she is busie, and she cannot come.	
Petr. How! 'she's busie, and she cannot come'!	
Is that an answere?	
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:	84
Praie God, fir, your wife fend you not a worse!	04
Petr. I hope, better.	
Hor. Sirra Biondello, goe and intreate my wife	
To come to me forthwith! [Exit B	ION
Pet. Oh, ho! 'intreate' her!	88
Nay, then shee must needes come.	.,0
Hor. I am affraid, fir,	
Doe what you can, yours will not be entreated.	
Alfon. I promise thee, Ferando, I am afraid thou wilt lose. Aurel. Ile send for my wife first. ¶ Valeria!	
Go bid your Mistris come to me [77].	
Val. I will, my Lord. [Exit Val	eria.
Aurel. Now for my hundred pound!	
Would any lay ten hundred more with me, I know I should obtaine it by her loue!	
Feran. I pray God you have not laid too much already! [85]	
Feran. I pray God you haue not laid too much already! [85] Aurel. Trust me, Ferando, I am sure you haue,	
For you, I dare presume, haue lost it all!	
Enter Valeria againe.	
Now, sirra, what saies your Mistris?	
Val. She is something busie, but shele come anon [32, 83]. Feran. Why so! did not I tell you this before?	
'She is busie, and cannot come!' [83]	
Aurel. I pray God your wife send you so good an answere! [85]	
She may be busie, yet she sayes shele come.	
Feran. Well, well. ¶ Polidor, send you for your wife! Pol. Agreed! ¶ Boy! desire your Mistris to come hither! [88]	
Boy. I will, sir. [Ex. 1]	Boy.
Feran. I, so so; he 'desiers' her to come [88, 89].	,,.
89 [▼. ii. 75	-90.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

¶ Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She faies, you have fome goodly left in hand:

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Petr. Worse and worse! 'she will not come'! Oh vilde,

Intollerable, not to be indur'd!

¶ Sirra Grumio, goe to your Miftris!

Say, I command her come to me!

FExit GRUMIO.

100

Hor. I know her answere.

Pet.

What?

She will not!

Hor. Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end!

Bap. Now, by my hollidam, here comes Katerina!

Re-enter KATERINA.

Kat. What is your will, fir, that you fend for me?

Petr. Where is your fifter, and Hortenfios wife:

Kate. They fit conferring by the Parler fire.

Petr. Goe fetch them hither! if they denie to come,

100. Re-enter . . .] Enter . . . F (after l. 99).

Enter the Boy againe.

Pol. Now, wheres your Mistris? [91]

Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come; And you have any businesse, you must come to her [93].

Feran. O monstrous, intollerable presumption! [95] Worse than a blasing starre, or snow at Midsommer,

Earthquakes, or any thing vnseasonable!

'She will not come [94], but he must come to her' ! [93] Pol. Well, sir, I pray you let's here what answere your wife will make. Feran. [to SANDER.] Sirra! command your Mistris to come [96, 97] me presentlie! [Exit Sander. to me presentlie!

Aurel. I thinke my wife, for all she did not come, Will proue most kinde; for now I have no feare, For I am sure Ferandos wife, she will not come. Feran. The more's the pittie! then I must lose!

Enter Kate and Sander.

But I have won, for see where Kate doth come [100]. Kate. Sweet husband, did you send for me ? [101] Feran. I did, my loue; I sent for thee to come. Come hither, Kate! whats that vpon thy head?

V. ii. 91-104.]

Swinge me them foundly forth vnto their husbands!	
Away, I fay, and bring them hither straight!	
Exit KATHE	RINA.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.	
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.	108
Petr. Marrie, peace 'it boads,' and loue, and quiet life	,
An awfull rule, and right fupremicie;	
And, to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.	
Bap. Now faire befall thee, good Petruchio!	112
The wager, thou haft won! and I will adde	
Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes;	
Another dowrie to another daughter,	
For the is chang'd, as the had neuer bin.	116
Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;	
And show more figne of her obedience,	
Her new built vertue and obedience.	
See, where the comes; and brings your froward Wiues	120
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion!	

Re-enter KATE, BIANCA, and Widdow.

¶ Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not: Off with that bable! throw it vnderfoote!

[She takes off her cap, and treads on it.

121. Re-enter] Enter F 123. She it.] She pulls off (after l. 119).
Kate. Nothing, husband, but my cap, I thinke [122]. Feran. Pull it off, and treade it under thy feete! [123] Tis foolish: I will not have thee weare it! [She takes off her cap, and treads on it. Pol. O wonderfull metamorphosis! Aurel. This is a wonder, almost past beleefe! [107] Feran. This is a token of her true love to me [109]; And yet Ile trie her further: you shall see. Come hither, Kate! where are thy sisters? Kate. They be sitting in the bridall chamber. Feran. Fetch them hither! and if they will not come [102-104, p. 90], Bring them perforce, and make them come with thee! [105, 106] Kate. I will. Alfon. I promise thee, Ferando, I would have sworne, Thy wife would nere have donne so much for thee. Feran. But you shall see, she will do more then this; For see where she brings her sisters forth by force! [120, 121]

Wid. Lord, let me neuer haue a cause to figh,	124
Till I be brought to fuch a fillie passe!	
Bian. Fie! what a foolish dutie call you this?	
Luc. I would your 'dutie' were as 'foolish' too!	
The wisdome of your dutie, faire Bianca,	128
Hath cost me fiue hundred crownes 1 fince supper time.	
Bian. The more foole you, for laying on my dutie!	
	man
Pet. Katherine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong wo	
What dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbands!	132
Wid. Come, come! you'r mocking: we will have	e no
telling.	
Pet. Come on, I say! and first begin with her!	
Wid. She shall not!	
Pet. I fay the shall! ¶ and first begin with her!	136
Kate. Fie, fie! vnknit that thretaning, vnkinde brow;	
And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,	
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour:	
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads;	140
Confounds thy fame, as whirlewinds shake faire budds;	140
And in no fence is meete or amiable!	
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,	
Muddie, ill feeming, thicke, bereft of beautie;	144
And, while it is fo, none fo dry or thirftie	
A hundred crowns Capell. See V. ii. 74. Cp. A Shrew, p	. 88,
Il. 11, 21, and p. 92, l. 7.	
Futer Vate thereting Dhulama and Emplis before here, and ma	loon
Enter Kate, thrusting Phylema and Emelia before her; and ma them come vnto their husbands call.	Kes
Kate. See, husband, I have brought them both!	
Feran. Tis well don, Kate!	
Eme. I, sure, and like a louing peece! You'r worthy	
To have great praise for this attempt!	
Phyle. I, for making a foole of herselfe and vs!	
Aurel. Beshrew thee, Phylema! thou hast lost me	
A hundred pound to night [129]; For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.	
Pol. But thou, Emelia, hast lost me a great deale more.	
Eme. You might have kept it better, then: who bad you lay?	
Feran. Now, louely Kate, before there 1 husbands here,	
I prethe tell vnto these hedstrong women,	
What dutie wives doo owe vnto their husbands! [131, 132]	

Will daigne to fip, or touch one drop of it.	
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,	
Thy head, thy foueraigne; One that cares for thee,	148
And, for thy maintenance, commits his body	
To painfull labour, both by sea and land,	
To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,	
Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe;	152
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,	
But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;	
Too little payment for fo great a debt.	
Such dutie as the subject owes the Prince,	156
Euen fuch a woman oweth to her husband;	
And when she is froward, peeuish, sullen, sowre,	
And not obedient to his honest will,	
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,	160
And gracelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?	
I am asham'd, that women are so simple,	
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace;	
Or feeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,	164
When they are bound to ferue, loue, and obay.	
Why are our bodies foft, and weake, and fmooth,	
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,	
But that our foft conditions, and our harts,	168
Should well agree with our externall parts?	
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes!	
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,	
My heart as great, my reason, haplie, more,	172
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;	
But now I fee our Launces are but strawes,	
Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,	
That feeming to be most, which we indeed least are.	176
Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,	
And place your hands below your husbands foote:	178
In token of which dutie, if he pleafe,	

Kate. As Sara to her husband, so should we Obey them, love them, keepe, and nourish them [165], If they, by any meanes, doo want our helpes; Laying our handes vnder theire feete to tread [178], If that, by that, we might procure there 1 ease:

T80

My hand is readie, may it do him ease!

	Pet.	Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiffe mee, K	ate!
	Luc.	Well, go thy waies, olde Lad; for thou shalt ha't.	182
	Vin.	Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.	
	Luc.	But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.	184
	Pet.	Come, Kate, wee'le to bed!	
9	We th	hree are married, but you two are fped!	186
[7	To Lu	CENTIO.] 'Twas I wonne the wager, though you his	the
	wh	nite;	
A	nd, be	eing a winner, God giue you good night!	188
		[Exit Petruchio with KATER	INA.
		n. Now, goe thy wayes; thou hast tam'd a curst Shrow	1
	Luc.		190
		k3)	eunt.
	185.	wee'le] weee'le F. 187. To Lucentio.] Malone.	
		a president, Ile first begin; my hand vnder my husbands feete! [180] [She laies her hand vnder her husbands f	eete.

[She laies her hand vnder Feran. Inough, sweet, the wager thou hast won! And they, I am sure, cannot denie the same. Alfon. I, Ferando, 'the wager, thou hast won'! And, for to shew how I am pleasd in this, A hundred poundes I freely giue thee more; Another dowry for another daughter,

And, for to shew how I am pleasa in this,
A hundred poundes I freely give thee more;
Another dowry for another daughter,
For she is not the same she was before [113-116, p. 91].
Feran. Thankes, sweet father! ¶ Gentlemen, godnight! [188]
For Kate and I will leave you for to night.
Tis Kate and I am wed, and you are sped! [186]
And so farewell! for we will to our beds [185].

FINIS.

NOTES.

p. 5, In. i. 8. go by, S. Ieronimie. A line in The Spanish Tragedy, about 1594, is here ridiculed. Hieronimo, Marshal of Spain, whose son has been murdered, cries to the King for justice. The King, who is engaged with an ambassador, says: 'Who is he that interrupts our business?' Hieronimo answers: 'Not I. Hieronimo, beware; go by, go by.'—Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. v. p. 109. Sly ludicrously confounds Hieronimo with Saint Jerome. The rest of the speech is a parody of another line spoken by Hieronimo: 'What outcries pluck me from my naked bed.' &c.—id., p. 54.

'What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,' &c.—id., p. 54.

p. 5, In. i. 10. Headborough. Thirdborough Theobald. If (in the following passage from W. Lambard's Eirenarcha, 1592, bk. I. chap. iii. p. 14) Borowhead = Headborough, Sly could use the more familiar Warwickshire designation as an equivalent of Headborough. 'To be short, enery Constable, Peticonstable, Tithingman, and Borowhead, bee Conservators of the Peace by their offices, within the limits of their Hundreds, Townes, Tithings, and Boroughs, 12. H. 7. 17. Fineux. And by the same reason, our Borsholder in Kent, and their Thirdborow in Warwickshire, be Conservators also within their Boroughs. For Borowhead, Borohder, and Tithingman, bee three several names of one selfe same thing, and do signifie, The chief man of the free pledges within that Borow, or Tithing. And where each third Borow onely hath a Constable, there the officers of the other two Borowes, bee called Thirdborowes.'

p. 18, I. i. 10, and p. 66, IV. "ii. 95. Pisa renowned for grave Citizens. In Greene's Royal Exchange, 1590, Huth Lib. ed., vii. 246, Pisa is characterized as being 'famous for honorable Citizens.'

p. 27, I. ii. 133. Enter Gremio; and Lucentio disguised. 'Capell amplified the stage direction of the Folio to—Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguised, with books under his arm. But there is nothing in the text to justify this addition. If it were necessary to be minute in the stage direction it should be—Enter Gremio with a paper in his hand, and Lucentio disguised.—The paper was the note of the books with which Bianca was to be supplied, and it is this paper of which Gremio subsequently says (l. 144), Take your paper too, and then, thinking of the books that were noted in it, he continues (l. 145), And let me haue them (the books) verie wel perfum'd, &c. Modern editors, taking them to be the demonstrative pronoun to paper, have accordingly altered paper to papers.'—P. A. Daniel's Notes, &c., pp. 21, 22. The Camb. Edd. retain the F reading,

Notes.

believing paper... them to be an instance of loose grammatical construction. Note that it is Tranio who subsequently provides the books, as his share of the enterprise. See the stage direction at II. i. 38, and cp. II. i. 95-97.

p. 31, I. ii. 268. contriue = spend (contero).

'Nor that sage Pylian syre, which did suruiue Three ages, such as mortall men contriue,' &c.

Faerie Queene, II. ix. 48/4, 5.

convive Theobald.

p. 35, II. i. 156. had she. Rowe read: she had. Perhaps an intentional inversion.

p. 37, II. i. 195. A ioyn'd stoole. ''Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool'; a proverbial saying which occurs in Lear, III. vi. 54,

55 (Globe Sh.).

p. 47, III. ii. 16. Make friends, inuite, and e'en proclaime the banes. Make friends, invite, yes and proclaim F2. Make friends, invite them, and proclaim Malone. Make friends invited, and proclaim Grant White. Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim Dyce (Anon. conj.).

p. 56, IV. i. 36. Iacke, boy! ho, boy! The beginning of an old round

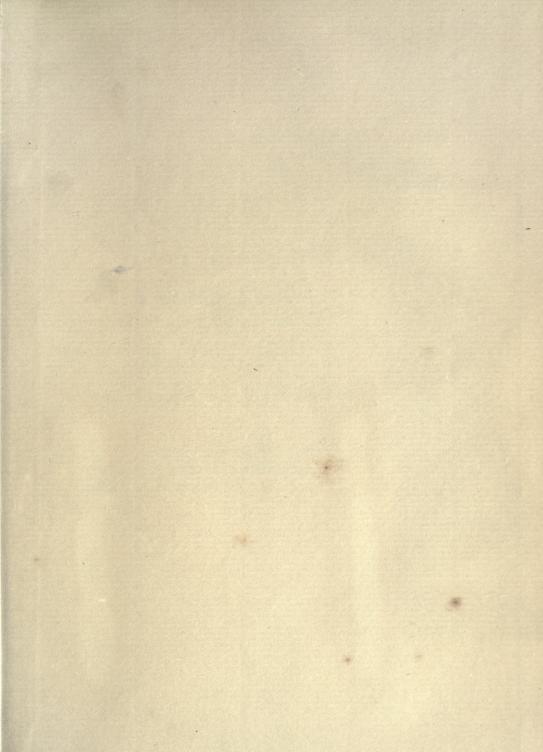
in three parts. - Sir J. Hawkins.

p. 65, IV. ii. 61. An ancient Angel. Mr. Singer defended the F reading by the following quotation from Cotgrave: 'Angelot a la grosse escaille. An old Angell; and, by Metaphor, a fellow of th'old, sound, honest, and worthie, stampe.' In I Suppositi, Dalio, Dulippo's (Tranio) cook, tells Filogono (Vincentio) that the Sanese (the Pedant) alighted 'all' Angelo', and was brought to the house by his master. Is it possible that there is some connection—probably obscured by corruption or omission—between the F reading and the inn called 'L'Angelo'?

p. 77, IV. iv. 54. happilie = haply.

p. 80, IV. v., I. 2 from foot in the parallel from A Shrew. Inhabitable like the burning Zone. The writer perhaps remembered Cic. N. D. I. x. 24: 'atqui terræ maximas regiones inhabitabites atque incultas videmus, quod pars earum appulsu solis exarserit,' &c. 'Cepherus' and 'Andromede' (ll. 11, 12) are the constellations Cepheus and Andromeda.

p. 83, V. i. 53. a copataine hat. A high-crowned, steeple-shaped hat.





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